

CAVALCADE

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a pink floral bikini, is reclining on a sandy beach. She is looking down and to the left. The background is a clear blue sky.

July 1/3

**The moon
made them kill**

Page 4

Her name was Calamity

Page 20

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Cavalcade

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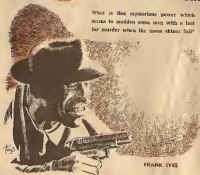
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the moon made them kill

What is this mysterious power which seems toadden some men with a lust for murder when the moon shines full?



FRANK FIVE

I UNREMEMBERED and remembered going to sleep. Sometimes I cannot sleep for long and feel I must get up and walk around. Last night I felt like that. I got up and went out into the street. The moon was shining.

I went here walked down Hington Street. I know Mrs Ashton, the widow, I know her house . . . I don't know what came over me. I don't even know why I was in the street. All I remember is that the moon was shining . . . such a bright, full moon.

For a time I felt that as though I was going off on a daring feeling. I can't tell you what the feeling is like. It is a very, very strange feeling . . . When I came to Mrs. Ashton's coffin, I went in.

I can remember this. I went upstairs. Something came over me then and I must have gone for Mrs. Ashton, taking up all my strength quickly. She was lying in bed. I went for her throat . . . I put a pillow over her head and then went off into a hunt. When I came around, I found I was lying

on the bed. A dull gray mist was coming through the window. The moon was gone . . .

In these words, according to the police of Harington, England, 34-year-old Allen Watson confessed to the murder of Mrs. Ivy Ashton back in March of 1920. Watson, a baker's assistant, had been picked up the morning after Mrs. Ashton's death. His face was found to be badly scratched, apparently the work of sharp furniture. Under questioning by police, he not only made the above confession, but the following one as well.

"You remember Mrs. Mills who used to live in Hington Street. I did her, too. I squeezed her neck. I want to tell you about it. I will feel much happier when everything is cleared up.

"I know Mrs. Mills was a widow, too. I had a sudden urge. The moon was out, the moon on last night when I did Mrs. Ashton. She did not struggle any harder than Mrs. Ashton, either. I lay on the bed and went to sleep again . . ."

These two weird confessions seemed to deal with rather routine murders—at first glance. A killer entered the house of a widow. The woman was lying in bed, with the yellowish beams of a bright full moon splashing hazy patterns of light about the trim little bedroom. The killer crept up to the woman, grabbed her throat, choked the life out of her body—and that was that.

Not unlike a routine case—this killer apparently had no motive, far his crime. He didn't know why he killed his victims.

The only memory that really stood out strongly in his mind about these

two horror-ridden affairs, was that, on each occasion, there had been a bright, full moon.

Thus naturally out the older people of Harington to thinking about their grandfathers had told them long, long ago. Tales of how the light of a full moon can drive a man crazy. Tales of the many strange, inexplicable things that have been known to happen on nights when a full moon rode high in the sky.

Was the moon to blame? Modern scientists are just beginning to realize it might not be as fantastically mysterious as it sounds.

Every police officer will tell you that a full moon spells trouble.

Prison wardens are rather alert on nights when the moon is full. Warden T. Clinton Duffy of Alcatraz recently wrote that he is always apprehensive on bright, moonlit nights. A full moon, he says, seriously causes mischief. It is then that the unstable prisoner is most likely to go to prison.

Such things sometimes happen on other nights, of course. But on nights of the full moon they are almost predictable.

Just as statistics show that most prisoners get their first on nights when the moon is full, so they also show that a large percentage of murderers have committed their violent deeds while under the same lunar influence.

During the notorious Snyder-Oney trial in U.S., in the mid-twenties, it was said that Ruth Snyder, who helped murder her husband, had stood under the strange and mysterious influence of a full moon.

At the trial of Albert Fish, there was a great deal more controversy about the relationship between full moon and madness. The lawyer for Fish brought out a World Almanac to prove that, when his client had

brutally killed and often pretty, 11-year-old Owen Smith, he had been under the harmful influence of the Blues. But Felt went to the chair.

The killer of Duck Island fared somewhat better. Duck Island is a lovely watershed along the Delaware River in New Jersey. Its mountains make it an ideal spot for seeking love—and committing murder.

On the night of November 3, 1938, Mary Mykowitz, 18, and Vincent Tassilo, 24, were sitting in a parked car on Duck Island. Despite the fact that the full moon shed plenty of light, they were so entranced in each other that they failed to see a man creeping toward the car.

Suddenly the door was flung open, a shotgun stuck inside, and a deafening blast of buckshot killed Vincent at pointblank range. Young Mary ran screaming from the car, but another blast of buckshot in her chest stopped her short in her tracks. By the time aid reached the killer was gone, and Mary died before she could give any helpful clues.

On the night of September 20, 1939, there was another full moon over Duck Island. Frank Kasper and Mrs. Katherine Warner took a ride out that way—and a sniper's hand found their bodies next day.

About three months later, Howard Wilson, 24, and his girl friend were parked in the same region when a man with a shotgun ran up to their car. Wilson started the motor, but was blazed by the gun before he could get the car moving. His girl, however, grabbed the wheel and gamely tried to run the killer down, but he got away. Then she raced to the hospital with Vincent, whose right arm was almost blown off.

Lovers still continued to park on Duck Island—and in the light of the full moon, too. On November 24, 1939, Mrs. Carolina Maricotte, 21, and

Louis Kovacs, 24, pulled their car into a wooded spot in the nation. The next day they were both found—shot to death.

It was several years before the full moon maniacs struck again.

His last victims were John Tiede and his girl. Tiede got shot in the shoulder, but his girl began running away. The killer ran after her, trying to beat her to death with his gun butt. It broke, and the girl escaped.

The following day police found part of the shotgun. On it was a serial number that led to the arrest of Clarence Hill, 31. Hill was a model father, a Sunday School superintendent, and, to everyone who knew him, a fine, likable citizen. But there was something about the full moon, apparently, that gave him an uncontrollable urge to kill.

Hill was sentenced to life.

Sometimes, although a moon-mad killer might strike again and again, the law still fails to run him down. Such was the case of the blond man with the high pitched voice, who went through five different U.S. states, killing other strangers.

The only thing common to all his crimes was that each was committed on the night of a full moon.

His first victims were Katherine Hishon and Howard Tudson, who was sitting in a parked car in Fort Worth, Indiana, when the blond man crept up on them. They were found dying of bullet wounds.

A few weeks later Ivan Hishon and Frances Schumaker met the same fate in Monongahela, Westva. Hishon died instantly, but the girl lived long enough to tell police that they'd been shot by a blond man with a grishn voice.

The last known victims of the blond killer were Madeline Lutzner and James Beers, in Kanawha, West-

va. This killer was never caught.

But what is there about a full moon that can drive some men to murder?

One interesting theory is that the light of the moon is highly polarized. It vibrates mostly in one plane, rather than in all planes, as normal light does. Several years ago two scientists, Dr. H. G. Hegerl in South Africa, and Dr. T. F. Morrison at Princeton University, both discovered that polarized light is stimulating to the growth and reproduction of certain types of bacteria.

Couldn't this also mean that, if a person were suffering from some bacterial disease in the blood, lungs or brain, the rays of the full moon might stimulate the bacteria in his body and thus accelerate his condition to such an extent as to make a rebound of kind? That is, he becomes a person with two personalities. One is normal; the other might be dangerous.

As a theory to explain why the full moon makes many men "un-

even," and drives some to kill, the polarized light one is certainly worth considering. But there is still another that might be even deeper.

As research will show, a large percentage of full moon murders are of a somewhat sexual nature. Knowing this, it is only natural to wonder if there isn't some connection between the full moon and sexual stimulation.

Recent medical studies have found such a connection. Sexual desire in men, it seems, varies with the phases of the moon. This conclusion was arrived at after a long study of the nocturnal dreams of men who lived for a long time without women. Desire in such men—existing in erotic dreams—was greatest at the time of the full moon.

Might it not explain why a simple Sunday school superintendent, who is liked by everyone during the daytime, can suddenly become a murderer and find when he looks himself under the light of a full moon?



WOMEN UNDER THE KNIFE



ROLAND H. BEIG

Is an operation necessary? It is one of those things which no woman can ever decide for herself.

MRS. SMITH was not herself. Her husband knew it and so did their two children. She was cranky, irritable, always tired. Only doctors, Mrs. Smith noted and felt like a woman of sixty. Constant back pain and frequent bleeding between menstrual periods finally brought her to her doctor—a specialist in women's diseases.

"Nothing unusual," he told her after an examination. "It happens frequently to women at your age

There's probably a growth in your womb, a small tumor that is causing all your complaints. I advise an operation, removal of the uterus and the tumor with it. It's a safe operation and once it's over, you'll feel like your old self again."

And so Mrs. Smith had her uterus removed. After three weeks in the hospital, Mrs. Smith went home minus her uterus but only slightly improved. The bleeding had stopped and so had the pain, but the nervous-

ness and tiredness were worse, if anything.

At the hospital where Mrs. Smith had her operation, a pathologist had examined sections of the removed uterus under the microscope. Carefully he had peered through the lens, minutely reviewing every other cross of stained tissue, searching for signs of disease that would explain why the uterus was removed. Reluctantly he had made his report: "Benign tumor, no evidence of disease."

The uterus removed from Mrs. Smith was perfectly normal. It contained no growth, enlargement or benignity. She had undergone a needless major and expensive operation, losing a perfectly healthy, essential organ of her body.

And for Mrs. Smith, yes, and also for thousands of other women between the ages of 35 and 45.

Now, according to a startling U.S. national survey, Mrs. Smith may be no isolated case, but may typify one out of every three women who have their wombs removed.

Dr. Herman Miller, one of the United States' outstanding gynecologists, recently studied 341 hysterectomies—the surgical term for removal of the uterus—performed during a three-month period at his hospital in the mid-west.

The gist of Dr. Miller's findings was that 31 women of the 341 operated on—almost one out of three—should never have been operated on at all.

"... The bewildering fact that 75- or 85 per cent.—of the 341 patients operated on were found to be free of pathology, is a stunning observation which cannot easily be accounted for," reported Dr. Miller.

Removal of the uterus is rapidly becoming a favorite operation in women between the ages of 35 and 45, especially those who have had children. Once a rare and spectacular

operation performed by only a few skilled and conspicuous surgeons, hysterectomy to-day is commonplace, vying in popularity with removal of tonsils and appendix. In all fairness it must be said that, so the skill of the surgeons has increased, the deaths resulting from this operation have declined to a minimum. But the question remains: How necessary is the operation?

The uterus was once regarded merely as a receptacle for the unborn child.

But in the past five years investigative scientists have been delving deeply into the mysteries of female anatomy and the complexities of gland secretions. Although not all the evidence has been assembled, there is enough uncovered to support the belief that the uterus is an important factor in the action of other organs and glands and that child-bearing is not its sole function.

It is tragic that women undergo the serious operation of hysterectomy because of such vague symptoms as fatigue, irritability and headache. These symptoms are usually the tell-tale signs of something amiss. The underlying cause producing these symptoms are the real reasons why removal of the uterus is performed.

Leading the list as the greatest single cause is a tumor or growth in the uterus. And the growth need not be cancerous, although the danger of cancer of the uterus is a very real one to women of 40 to 50. Most of the growths, however, prove to be the so-called fibroid type, definitely non-cancerous. But these growths, even though not cancerous, do give rise to many troublesome symptoms—excessive bleeding or pain occasioned by bleeding, abdominal pain, backache, vague headache.

The growths, ranging in size from a pea to a large grapefruit, often lead

THE RED LIGHT

If you see a passing messenger
peering furtively up the street
and you hurry just a little
to a/cricket her peering left.
Please, please, don't rush it,
brother.

Don't be reckless, it's just
sport

Chasing wonders may not
hurt you.

But there's trouble when
they're caught

—LARON

to become complications. Recently a young unmarried girl of 18 tearfully appeared in the clinic of a large metropolitan hospital. For several months her menstruation had ceased, and there was a visible increase in the size of her lower abdomen. Despite the girl's fearful denial of any wrongdoing, her parents were convinced she was pregnant.

"Various tests at the hospital convinced the doctors that pregnancy was only a remote possibility and that a tumor in the uterus might be responsible. Accordingly they operated, removing the uterus and with it a fibroid mass larger than a grapefruit and weighing six pounds.

The girl recovered rapidly, but it was not until the doctors had talked long and sincerely with the parents and had shown them the actual tumor that there was a reconciliation.

While death may be at a minimum in hysterectomies, complications following the operation do arise. Hemorrhages as well as secondary pelvic infections are greatly feared

by the surgeons. There is also some chance that the bladder or the urinary tube from the bladder may be injured during the course of the operation. When no complications occur, patients require only 10 to 20 days' stay in the hospital. But if trouble arises, then the hospitalization period may be a month or more.

There are two schools of thought among surgeons performing hysterectomies. One group believes in the abdominal approach—making the incision in the abdomen as for appendectomy—and removing all or part of the uterus. The other group is just as firmly convinced that the vaginal approach is better. In this technique no incision in the abdomen is made, the surgeon working through the natural vaginal opening.

In patients where the growth in the uterus is apt to be very large and high up, extending sometimes as far as the navel, the abdominal opening has definite advantages.

The abdominal approach is also favored where there is reason to suspect the presence of cancer. It is essential that the surgeon have a clear operating field, giving him room for manipulation.

Science has found, thus far, two alternatives to hysterectomies. One of the chief symptoms leading to removal of the uterus—menstrual bleeding—may be cured by interference in the secretion of the endocrine system. Although not all the facts are as yet known, doctors do have a great deal of information on functions of the ductless glands. Many disorders for which hysterectomies are now performed can be cleared up by administration of hormones.

A second suggestion for an alternative to hysterectomy is contained in a recent scientific study made by Drs. Robert J. and Harry S. Coombs of St. Louis. These doctors reported the

results of a 30-year survey of 226 patients on the use and effectiveness of radium in controlling growths.

Treatment with radium was successful for 49% of the 226 women treated—better than 50 per cent. For these women the doctors were able to accomplish with radium therapy what otherwise would have required major operations. In presenting their findings to their colleagues, the Doctors pointed out that, even if radium therapy does not control the growth of a tumor in the uterus, the surgeon can always resort to operating later; but when operation at the first procedure, the patient has undergone a great risk and a great loss without the benefit of trying radium.

No one can deny that at times hysterectomy is a health-restoring and even a life-saving procedure. But how often it is necessary is already worrying a few surgeons, such as Dr. Norman Miller.

Patients, of course, cannot decide when and whether they require surgery. The decision is still and always will remain in the doctors' province. And there is no doubt that many of the operations are necessary. What, then, can a woman do when confronted with the problem?

Specialists in the community who are expert in their fields and whose advice can be trusted should have the last say. The best solution for women is to consult them. The responsibility to operate or not to operate must be theirs.

BAKERY.





TOM MACDONALD

GORILLAS MEAN MONEY

The terrible Old Men of the Jungle have now become one of Africa's most valuable exports.

A FRENCH game warden and about 120 African hunters have returned from Brazzaville from the first official gorilla hunt carried out by the French Equatorial Administration. Gorillas now mean money.

For one day the hunters trilled through the jungle. They went to capture and not to kill the great apes, but they were involved in a desperate battle and they had to slay to save their own lives. They were only

able to bag five young gorillas; they had to kill seven others. Several of the Africans were badly hurt.

When they go out again (and they will go, because of the money that gorillas now mean as exports) they will change their tactics, employ new plans, but the big apes are likely to give them a run for their money. They were died with the same problems which gorilla hunters have always met... the difficulty of separating

the young gorillas from the older ones, and especially to big-game and outside the "Old Men" who always guards the herd. And whoever he will fight to the death.

The hunters were armed with guns and spears, but they were all told that only in the last resort must they kill. They carried huge rope nets. They surrounded several herds, but time and again the gorillas broke through. Even the babies they caught gave them trouble. After all babies weighing up to about 200 lbs. are more than a handful.

There was trouble all the time... and one terrific gun which only the gorilla could have stopped. Gorillas are used poisons... a father or mother will fight to the death before it gives up its child. A mother and her baby were separated from the pack. Slowly the hunting crech closed in on her. She tried to break through with the baby clutched to her breast. Her roaring and the cries of the hunters stirred the animals of the area forest. She could have been easily shot but the bullet might also end the life of the baby... and the baby was precious. It was only after she had made several hunters that the warden decided to shoot. The mother ape roared and fell. The baby fell out of her arms, ran away and returned whining. The hunters came forward... the mother was crying her heart out, moaning like a stricken woman being... and then before their very eyes she rubbed them of their pain. She crushed her baby to death in her long arms.

The capture of five in the ratio of seven killed is too high, the authorities say, the ratio must be reduced.

The French hunt was carried out under a new regulation which gives the administration the sole right to capture wild animals. The main aim of the new monopoly is the sale of

the animals to American scientific institutions to earn more dollars for the territory.

Even today much of the life of the gorilla in its wild haunts is a mystery. I have glimpsed the great apes in the Congo forests and in the slinky jungle of French Equatorial Africa. One night, after I had slept in a native village, I asked about the morning apes I had heard from the forest. I was told it was the morning of a pack of gorillas.

For nature, of course, would be known about the strange apes if they could be kept in captivity over very long periods, but most of them die when they are aged.

I know most of the jungle often from the rear of a lion at the tail to the end of the elephant's trunk, but there is no science in the jungle like that of the gorilla. It is almost certain, if I remember the massive hunter like Martin Johnson and Francis Buxton have described the gorilla as the most magnificent of the wild creatures and one of the most unpredictable and dangerous. And in spite of all its ugliness and ferocity, it is the most fascinating of all jungle creatures.

Sluggish, open that power, long teeth from into a weak, tremendously powerful arm and a mighty beam of a chest... the gorilla looks like a nightmare. And when you close across a pack the "Old Men" will face you. He will test his powerful hands on his mighty chest. He will run up, then he will stop. He will retreat and return again. Some hunters say that at least he is a coward, that he puts on a mighty show of strength, but what would ever does not to show quarters with the brute. He can bear a man's head off.

Man is a gorilla's only enemy. If the beast were not protected, it is quite likely that he would have been

Ramsey has it that Billy Rose once ventured into Jaxxa ("The Schmoons") Dursante's yacht. The cruise began with poked. One mile out, Rose found himself allured to cards. Speedily downing at least four anti-gambling pills, he poked wisely at the Dursante's celebrated nose and saw that the organ was tastier from a delicious shade of chastity into a deep passion. "Can I get you anything?" queried Rose happily. "Yeah, an alibi," Dursante snarled back. "Aw, thank nothing of it," put in a patient dark-skinned, "Nobody ever died of snailiness." The Schmoons transported a pathetic snarl. "Naw, don't say dat," it croaked. "Dey der hope a' dyle" is happy me alive."

—(From "Photoplay," the world's finest motion-picture magazine.)

wiped out, because in Africa for such a long time men with guns have taken some strange, selfish delight in killing jungle animals.

The gorilla lives on a deadly home with all the jungle animals. He is the enemy of most of them because he is a vegetarian, the food he likes best are the young shoots of bananas, wild celery and the dwarf bananas. I have seen a gorilla cross a glade where kudzu were growing and the animals didn't give him a glance.

Gorillas always move around in bands, an few at ten or as many as thirty. They have family circles. The baby gorilla . . . the mother has one at a time . . . it suckled exactly like a human child and the mother carries it around in her arms. As they roam they are noisy but what has been called their roar is actually a bark.

The brute has two outstanding characteristics . . . meekness and ugliness. A full grown gorilla may reach six feet, weigh over 300 lbs. The massive frame of his chest can be almost twice that of a Joe Louis. His shoulders are like a bull's. He walks awkwardly, never hurried . . . as

fast, a man can outrun him. He wanders only by day. When night falls—and in the tropics it is like the sudden dropping of a curtain—he has made his bed as a rule. He is usually monogamous and he and his wife will make their double bed of leaves and twigs together . . . if there is a baby they make a smaller bed, like a cot.

When a pack is surprised they run off, but the "Old Man" immediately covers the retreat of the pack. He puts on his set of defiance, advancing and retreating as he beats his big drum chest. Other males join him . . .

It seems that the "males" are always ready to fight for the "women and children." All the gorillas are screaming and snarling and it is as if all hell is let loose.

They dwell in the most inaccessible regions of the equatorial rain forests, which are strewn in stunning drapery, in villages farthest away from man-made men, but in their gleaming natural habitats the open fall victims in pitilessness darkness. Just as men is subject to the common cold, so is the gorilla to a cough.

There are a few scattered African villages in gorilla country and the Africans have frequently to fight off attacking gorilla bands from their banana plantations. They used to hang them before the protection eyes of the Belgians and the French authorities. But if Africans are feared killing gorillas now they get heavy jail sentences.

Some people have succeeded in "taming" gorillas. In Asia and Africa, published in 1944, Gertrude Lutz, an Englishwoman, who had settled in America, told the remarkable story of Mann and Corby, her pet gorillas. Twice the war almost killed by her powerful pet and curiously she had to part with them in 1940.

It is only just over 100 years ago—in fact, 1847—when the world was startled by the discovery of the gorilla. When the tale was first told

it was described and even scientific men were incredulous when Paul E. du Chaillu published an account of his habits.

It has never been possible to make a complete gorilla census in the vast equatorial lands between the Cameroons and the Congo, but they are reckoned to run into thousands. A few years ago near Lake Kivu, their number was estimated at 2,000.

Strange legends have grown up around the Coltrons of the jungle. They are said to have stolen white women and mated with them (one of the old wives' tales of the jungle). But this is true . . . native women have been known to suckle baby gorillas whose mothers have been slain. A baby gorilla is very much like a human child. In these rare cases the animals have been allowed to join a gorilla pack where they have been able to feed for themselves.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

Tricksters of the Ring

All feather-weight didn't win
by having their name
added to a collection of earlier winners.



FRANK BROWNE

MOST of the men who have won Championships with their dukes (whether the same dukes were on their sides along with the body, or did as henchmen) were men of little faith, who simply let harder and slightly more, often than, those who opposed them.

But included against the gallery of Champions and near Champions, were men who had something added, who practiced an art that was a combination of psychology and the double and go.

Perhaps the first of these men was

William Thompson, immortalized in Ring stories as "Pendigo."

Pendigo (who hailed from Nottingham) was not a nice man. He thought no more of sending in a blow before the bell than he thought of having his breakfast. He was Champion of England from 1811 to 1813. In one of his fights, against Sam Ward (who had lately taken the title from "Dad" Burke), Pendigo was not doing too well. Mr. Ward had developed the distressing habit of hitting Mr. Thompson solidly on the point of the jaw with his right every time Mr.

Thompson came near enough to be hit. When he wasn't hitting with his right, he was running a long left hand into Mr. Thompson's eye.

In the third round, Mr. Thompson had no suspicion.

As Mr. Ward advanced, with the obvious intention of continuing what had been to Mr. Thompson a most depressing series of attacks, Pendigo pointed at the ground with his finger. Mr. Ward was interested enough to drop his hands and bend over to examine the point indicated.

Mr. Thompson then wound up a right that started momentum as it passed his shoulder, and which—by the time it reached the unprotected jaw of Mr. Ward—was moving very nicely. Mr. Ward was still counting the harder when time was called.

There is no doubt whatever that Pendigo owed his victory to a trick. The next man with guile in him was a most unlikely box-a-brokey—

yes, rather than Bob Fitzsimmons. Bob didn't look like a swarthy and didn't act like one. But he was a long way from depending on mere ability to hit and be hit.

Old Fitz could look more like a man at his last snap—without being at his last snap—than anybody who ever climbed in. He could glass his eyes, buckle his knees and drop his jaw in a most convincing manner.

Most people thought they had Fitzsimmons beaten (and then woke up at their corners after the Red Fox had lowered the boom on them) then they often fought in Ring history.

On St. Patrick's Day of 1900, his opponent (conditioned at the end of the 11th round, when he shuffled wearily to his corner, had Cuscutt said "Keep—")

"I've gotter hit, stand up," said the Champion.

In the other corner, the opponent sat and whistled "West coast" to

Robert Davis, a young newspaperman who was seconding him.

Sure enough, two minutes of the next round found Fitzsimmons the new World Champion.

Jack Johnson didn't rely entirely on rumpus. Johnson's long suit, both before and after he got into the ring, was to get his opponents' goat with insults. Before he got into the ring, his insults were printable. In the ring, they were not. After Johnson won the title from Barry, after 14 one-sided rounds in Rye Bay in 1908, Hugh B. McManus (who had not only promoted the battle but referred it) concluded that, more than once, he had nearly much history by turning loose Johnson himself, as who was Johnson's ring strategist.

One of Johnson's own contemporaries (and a man just as black) was Sam Langford. Sam taught Johnson once and couldn't hit him into the ring again.

"The Boston Tea Baby" was short and thick set, and was one of the really great pugilists Langford, like Johnson, never admitted anybody. He was a model of decorum. Where Langford's something extra came in was that he used to persuade opponents in advance that they could beat him. He never could pull the trick twice, but it worked quite often.

Sam, when faced with lighted candles, would give the Press a story that went something like this:

"Fessie, I sure does hope to beat this man, but I don't know yet how I'm goin' to do it. My sure has a terrible punch. Now, I can't hit with my left hand at all, and his deliques is worth as good as a right. Fessie, I sure can't keep forward to fighting this man."

What generally happened was that the pug concentrated on Sam's right.

THE Seven Ages of Mike:

(1) Milk; (2) Milk, vegetables; (3) Milk, ice cream, sodas, candy; (4) Steak, small beer, French fries, ham and eggs; (5) Pate de foie gras, oysters, chicken Maryland, bone d'oeuvree, rum cocktail, orange suet, cocktails, Scotch, wine, champagne, gin, vodka, brandy; (6) Milk and biscuits; (7) Milk, more milk.

Sam, who had one of the most lethal left hands of all time, picked his moment and then rocked it across. The deluded pug usually didn't know what had struck him.

The latter day heavyweight, however, were mostly straight-forward. Billings of Swat.

Most of the real smashes were amongst the lighter weights.

Johnny Dundee was a man with a unique angle. Dundee was born Joseph Caruso, in Italy. At an early age, he took on boxing, and soon about the same time, conceived a strange affection for kids and bagpipes. He changed his name to Johnny Dundee and migrated to America. There, he started boxing. News did to have his picture taken in ring clothes. It was always in full Scots' regalia—kilt, sporrans, and garters, plus a Glasgow bonnet.

Sometimes he had himself taken playing the bagpipes. The inevitable result of this appeared on an alien dress and alien name was that he became known as "The Scotch Man."

His opponents quite frequently

thought they were dealing with an invincible brawler. But Dundee flatted once after men and finally took the Featherweight Title from Eugene Conzo, on July 24, 1911.

Harry Gosh, middleweight Champion for most of the Roaring Twenties, made a career of embarrassing opponents long before they got into the ring. His stock in trade were pictures taken in night clubs, allegedly in the early hours of the morning. These pictures gave people—particularly opponents—the idea that they were going to get in with a worse than half-trained opponent. This sort of thing didn't mean hard.

Then, when they went in with the Pittsburgh Windmill, they wondered what hit them.

Gosh had plenty of tricks, in the ring as well. Clanking loudly that he had been fooled, and holding up the fight until he had a spell, was one of them.

But perhaps his greatest effort in ring deception was his concealment of the fact that he had a glass eye, too.

Battling Nelson was another boy who got to work well before he put his hands up to the ring. "The Bare-knuckle Babe" was durable all right, but he was also a good boxer.

His stock in trade was to convince prospective opponents that all they had to do was fight a man who had nothing but toughness to recommend him.

They got in with the idea of being the first to knock him out. Men, who might have boxed him and put up a fair fight, took sidelong glances to try and knock him out.

The result was that he generally managed to knock them out.

Then there was Ted ("Kid") Lewis, the London Heirloom who held the Welterweight Title between 1914 and 1923. Lewis took full advantage of

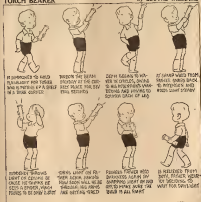
the fact that most pugs have little endurance and have a good deal of nervousness for those who had. Not that Lewis was an old Gossamer by any means. He was pretty tough, but affected a "nurse" accent when it suited him.

Lewis used to make a habit of turning up to his fights in a tuxedo, going into the opposition dressing room, where he was usually unrecognized, and after some small talk, telling his opponent that he wouldn't be too hard on him.

The effect was rather unexpected, to put it mildly. Lewis, strangely enough, was one of the trucky men to have a little poetic justice visited on him. In 1923 he fought George Carpenter in London. At one stage of the fight, Lewis appealed to the referee, claiming that Carpenter had hit him low. If the Frenchman HAD tested him, nobody had seen it. Lewis, in appealing to the ref, turned his head. Carpenter took a snap shot at the unprotected jaw and knocked him out.

TORCH BEARER

By GUYTON WILLIAMS





She might've lost everything else when
killed, but she picked a punch for all that

J. W. HENING

her name was calamity

JANE RUSSELL played Calamity Jane in a flick. The real Calamity Jane—and she was very much—was not like Jane Russell. Not anywhere! She was neither pretty nor handsome—and never tried to be. And her language minded.

Yet she had her good points. She was generous, good-hearted and had a ton of guts.

Her name was Miss Morley. An orphan at the age of eight, she was adopted by a merchant in a frontier port. The soldiers taught her to

ride, shoot, swear and starve.

She preferred male company and male clothing—and she picked a man who she knew how to use, and did.

In 1872, she was judged good enough to be hired by Brigadier-General Crook as a scout to guide his cavalry across the Black Hills of South Dakota to fight the Sioux. That was a man's job for any woman!

About a year later Crook sent her with urgent despatches to General

Custer. It meant a long, forced ride across plains busy with redskins, in the depth of winter, through deep snow and blizzards. The Indians didn't get her, but pneumonia did. Wet through and unable to get dry, she staggered among a camp of white soldiers who nursed her back to health.

Although I wouldn't recommend it as a good remedy, pneumonia saved Calamity Jane's life. If she had finished her journey her odds were to remain with Custer's troop—in which case she would have been still with them at the battle of Little Big Horn when they were all massacred.

Jane was one of the most extraordinary characters of the untamed early Wild West, but one has to regard most of the legends of the West with the same eye of suspicion.

The way she got her nickname of Calamity seems true enough. It was when she was guiding General Crook's troops the one hundred miles from Butte, Montana, to Deadwood, in the Black Hills—where the red men were very rightly taking advantage of the white men digging holes all over their frozen land looking for yellow metal. Jane, according to legend, was twenty-one at the time she was much older and rode as fast on her mare, Ben, as morning. The column was passing through a canyon when the south pine suddenly became alive with Benes, with rifles.

A shot brought down a young citizen. The rest of the horses, startled—and who wouldn't be?—began to backfire. An Indian, who wanted something to take home for the peace, rushed out of cover to collect the young citizen's scalp.

But Miss Morley had other ideas. When she saw the redskin on the

run with his weapon knife, she slipped again to Ben and rode back. Because the Benes fire was hot, Jane used the old Indian trick of lying along the side of her horse, holding her position with one leg over the saddle pommel and one hand gripping the mane. She rode down on the collector of head-deer and took a quick shot with her weapon, sending a shot through the scalp of the sniper. The horse pulled up dead-in all manner.

Reaching the others, Jane was supposed to have been and swung him up to her saddle—without dismounting! If you believe that, I have some shares in a brewery at Peking Yang which I can let you have cheap.

She probably jumped down, got the officer across the saddle, remounted and galloped along the canyon. The Benes must have been poor shots. They probably were, except with Benes.

The column had taken camp. The lieutenant was laid on the ground and his wound dressed. He stared up at Miss Morley.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said. "We were mighty lucky to have a brave woman like you around in such a calamity."

Later on the march someone jokingly called her Calamity Jane; she earned the name for the rest of her life.

Another story told of Jane making her out so tough that small-pox was scared of her! It seems the disease smacked into Deadwood and a lot of citizens went down with it. They were put into a big pile of straw—the pathos was in Spruce Gulch. No one would go near those poor devils but Jane, who nursed them and ran provisions and medicines from Deadwood. The storekeeper put the staff out on the road

STATE OF THE NATION (I)

Gobbledy-gook! Gobbledy-gook!

You'll find it in daily and monthly and look,

The Commodore's vessel "Janes", their "oldest" five,

The ravings of bedbugs and Father Divine,

Some's meaningless rumbles, from Hor van Eyk

Like lightning, you're never quite sure where they'll strike

Spontaneous and torrents and medical books

Control the ducks with their exotic quacks

The old-time King's English is bending its head;

Two-fifty words Boh? was fourteen instead

The State of the Nation — like Denmark's — is weak.

For readers who haven't learned gobbledy-gook.

— JAY-PAY

for her to pick up. No one would go near her. Not even the small pond.

Jane liked to wander from one town to moaning swamps, or to many ponds, spending her money and acting like a man. Well, not entirely like a man. She felt in love with a man, married him and gave him a daughter. He wandered off.

She was no Jane Fonda. Her own son in the town earlier turned up their noses at her. Jane looked after her daughter until the child was old enough to send to a convent. Jane still contributes from time to time.

For awhile, Jane drove the Breakwood stagecoach. One day a pony dropped from a tree on the back of one of the lead horses. The horses bolted (which was not at all surprising), but as the stage tore along at breakneck speed, threatening to crash at any moment, Jane crawled along a horse's back and shot the pony.

dead, with her noose. I guess that one for what it is worth. I hate to say it, but I don't believe it.

Another time when she was riding Pony Express she found two pretty Indians coming up about a quarter of a mile behind and feet overtaking her. She put her head at a stream. It did the pump, but came down heavily and fell, breaking a leg and sending Calamity into a spin. She got up dead. She had only two legs left. She used one of those to get the horse out of its misery.

She then crawled down behind her horse and worked for the two Indians, neither of whom had guns. When the leader was within ten yards, she shot him between the eyes. The other Indian remembered he had an appointment and turned off to keep it, but Calamity jumped up and called on him to hurry. Depending her appointment could wait,

she hunched down, put up his hands. Calamity rode into Deadwood with the mailbags on an Indian pony, and her prisoner behind her, still mounted by the empty gun.

You will notice that most of these stories are about Deadwood. They must have had some lovely imagination there.

But Jane must have been a remarkably woman. She used to say she never expected to be killed because a fortune-teller had prophesied she would live to be eighty! The story did not see quite straight, but was not the end. Jane lived well into her seventies.

In fact, she lived too long. The West she had known became the Old West and was replaced by the new-by more cowboys and towns and hidden wars. She became too old to straddle a horse; her teeth were gone, her leather skin had more cracks than a quoniam; her rap-raising friends were R.I.P. No one remembered Calamity Jane. Some of them did not even believe the fantastic stories about her. Disrespectful. She gave up weaving a noose, folks had gone soft and did not shoot up nooses any more.

But she hit the gray hair when she had money—which was very old.

don't now. One biographer says "But she kept her proud spirit, refusing all charity." Yeah!

In 1881 the City of Buffalo, New York, threw a big Pan American Exposition. A side-show exhibition, looking for something to attract a crowd on the idea of using Calamity Jane. She was taken to Great Buffalo Bill Cody, visiting the side-show, saw the same famous Calamity Jane sitting stably like most strange wild animals at a zoo to be stared at. . . . just a pathetic old woman, evident of some losses. She was hawker for the West. Cody paid her fare back to Montana. And I have a sneaking suspicion that most of the amazing exploits of Calamity Jane were thought up by the side-show speaker—and passed down to present-day biographers, who are either extremely glib or think their readers are!

Yet there must have been some basis for her fame. That she was a scout on Indian-infested country there can be no doubt, and the exploit which got her her nickname seems true in its essentials. Except the others if you like. But she must have been one of the wildest characters in the Wild West.



marihuana madness



BERNIE REISMAN

The monster dared charged to the smoking fumes of what the addicts had fervently named "Green Devil."

IT is Saturday night at the home of Juan, a teen driver in a town near Mexico City. Nine men are seated on a floor in a circle. In the center is an opaque (lined) with his mouth open. Juan takes a puff of a little marihuana pipe, then passes it to his neighbor. As he does this Juan brings his mouth close to the helplessly comatose man, so that the smoke Juan exhaled is conveyed to him. After taking his puff, the neighbor continues the process around the circle. The groans in their altered unconscious sort of god presiding over

the ceremony including the marihuana smoke, the women collapse when he becomes unconscious. That's a warning to the human reader to stop—before the effects have become too disastrous.

In a town in northern Brazil that same evening a "drunkards club" is meeting—having a hot time at a marihuana cigarette party, for as Latin America many of the addicts like company at their smoking sessions. But here the scene resembles a luncheon. Some of the men and women are delicious in their exhibi-

tion, some are showing grotesque deformities, other are just willing to add to the fun. Already, two of the men are engaged in a fist-fight. In a corner, a woman has passed out cold, sleeping profoundly.

In Cuba, a marihuana party is called a "cubana" or "cacha." A half-dozen or more addicts, smoke the same marihuana cigarette or pipe as in Mexico but the Cubans throw their heads back and inhale as much smoke as possible, retaining it in the lower respiratory tract as long as they can. Some swallow a part of the smoke. The pipe is smoked to its butt, when the last man sets it—as an aquatic challenge!

There are some glimpses of marihuana addiction below the Rio Grande. Throughout the world some 300,000,000 people indulge in the stuff but it is called in the U.S.A., "the malignant weed" (in Mexico, "Green Devil" (in Nicaragua, Honduras and El Salvador), *maconha* (in Brazil and West Africa)—the "poison" of the "poison" almost everywhere. Marihuana, which is the name of hemp, is used by at least seven and of ten drug addicts in a country like Cuba and its rapid addiction is unbroken.

With the cure of marihuana addiction on the American continent has long been Mexico the greatest source, in recent years another source has developed in northern Brazil, and the use is now well rooted in Central America. Marihuana is also growing the Rio Grande in greater quantities than ever, as evidenced by the increased volume of the drug by U.S. Customs agents last year—a total of 14,235 pounds.

Spread of the addiction is largely due to the ease in which some, some of marihuana, is cultivated without detection, in many places

it grows wild. Hence it is hard to control the drug. A number of Mexicans, parents have learned that they can boost their income by cultivating Indian hemp, instead of their corn and bean crops. As a result, Mexico is now regarded to have a plant especially rich in active resin. It's the only "happy" drug of its kind that doesn't need chemical processing before being consumed.

Moreover, the cost of a smoker is low, compared to other illicit drugs, bringing it within reach of the poorest. The high price of opium, and its effective suppression, have also helped the traffic in marihuana.

What manner of people are all these "brands of marihuana"? Dr. Pablo Cavallo Wolff, member of the World Health Organization Expert Committee on Habit Forming Drugs points out that addicts are usually found in "the lowest strata of the population . . . people with little education, natives, farm hands, packers, fishermen, sailors, prostitutes, vagrants, soldiers." Men in the country districts of Brazil use it as an opiate, a digestive, as a (poor) tonic and as a hypnotic—unaware of the many lurking dangers from addiction. In Mexico, however, as in some other countries, marihuana also penetrates the higher income groups, including well-to-do town-square who pick up needles at bars and cabarets.

Marihuana finds in Brazil, Mexico and Cuba like to smoke it collectively and Dr. Wolff reveals that the custom especially has its origin in "black magic" religious ideas of secret societies. In Brazil, for instance, the Indians — generally Negroes or older indigenous groups — resort to marihuana of their own minds to produce hallucinations and excite themselves to a frenzy

NEAR Charles Clegg (now dead) is "Gordon's Wine Bar" which, if the proprietor chose, could serve stout. Renowned in the 14th century, Edward III was short of cash. He borrowed the money from the Friars of the Friars' Company and then was unable to repay it. The borrowed King allowed the friars to sell wine without a license and wherever they desired, until the debt had been settled. The money is still owing.

with average dances and such-like.

At the saloons in Pernambuco, having of witcheads, narcotics is smoked by those in search of good luck and happiness. In most countries, the cigarette is preferred, chiefly because of the small cost and the fact that it is easy to hide if the police get too close for comfort.

What happens to the average person when he smokes narcotics? Medical researchers agree that the effect cannot be predicted—it generally depends upon the individual. In the most cases, the first phase is one of the happy-unlucky euphoria, a sensual stimulation. There may be a narcotism in which the addict bursts into raves of laughter; he may be unconsciously loquacious, revealing his innermost secrets, prepared to do "anything." Aware of their tendency to laughter, some of the smokers even take a year before going to see a movie comedy because they believe they'll enjoy it more.

The second phase differs when

smoker individuals; many require severe treatment, multiple illnesses, delirium, loss of sense of time and space.

Others may go into a dreamy state, either erotic or religious, depending upon what the smoker is concerned with at the time. A good many become melancholy and easily break into tears. Experiments by Brazilian doctors at a psychopathic clinic showed that three of them who smoked the weed themselves had lost complete control over themselves, that their laughter and verbosity had been produced automatically, against their will. After these effects had passed, inability to do even the slightest mental work, and a tendency to drop off to sleep.

The profound, debilitating hold that narcotics can have on a smoker is revealed by the case of a saloon, respectable Indian who smoked a reeder one night and thereupon went into an indecent dance.

Addicts often produce agony and perceptive take for schizophrenia, paranoia, psychoneurosis or psychopathic types. Doctors have found addicts who attack their parents, rather than night terror, as on crying jags, bangle their kids, even the women like doctors.

Murders arising from smoking the malignant weed have been recorded frequently, in Latin America and elsewhere. As a train arrived at a railroad station in Mexico not long ago, a man pulled out a gun and killed four people wholly unknown to him. Even five hours after the killing, still under the influence of narcotics, could not say a word. Finally he mumbled something about seeing a crowd of people coming at him and all he tried to do was defend himself.

In another murder case, a narcotics smoker at a crowded corner in Mexico City drew a knife and slashed everyone within reach.

The fearful reaction of narcotics to its brainwashing effect, once the first "happy" stage has worn off. Especially when the addicts combine gulping—or some other liquor—with snuffing the weed is often positively, bad temper and acts of aggression.

Aware of the effects of narcotics, criminals in Panama have been known to give narcotics to remove in crime in order to remove any possible hesitation and provide them with the impulse (and bravado) to commit robbery. In Cuba, police found that many prisoners were deliberately addicted to the drug, convinced that it gave them the "courage" they needed for criminal acts—a courage that is flawed to a madman's lack of fear.

Unquestionably, narcotics has

become an increasing public menace. There is no justification for its existence because medical science today has no use for it, as it does have for opium, cocaine and similar other drugs. As Dr. Felix Wolf declares, narcotics "chokes thousands of persons into nothing more than human waste."

"It is this weed," says Dr. Wolf, "which renders the bonds of inhibition that makes it possible for men to live together in society. . . . These men have the pleasure of this debilitated ruin which makes us the smoke of friendship."

The answer? A sound and effective international programme of combating the malignant weed and drying up completely the illicit drug traffic from country to country.

It is the job the Narcotics Drug Commission of the United Nations is beginning with the blessing of governments around the world.



THE END OF

Arguments



Why is a Bank Teller called a "Teller"?

No! It isn't because he tells you that you've exceeded your overdraft. The nice man who hands you those bundles of ones, fives, tens is called a "teller" because "teller" is a corruption of "tallyman," meaning a tally-man. In earlier days, the duty of a tally-man was to compute tallies of a goods, receive money, give receipts and pay which were due according to the tally-sheets.

What Do You Mean by a Schooner?

Come on, you bar-fish, here's your chance . . . it's easy. Say? Well, a schooner is the name given by the wine trade to a vessel containing champagne which holds just over a gallon. The name is derived from the Old Testament, from which the trade has also drawn names for other outside bottles of champagne. A Judson, for example, contains three-quarters of a gallon; a Mother-salt can and a quarter gallon; a Schooner just over two gallons; a Baltimore two and three-quarters gallon; and a Nebuchadnezzar three and a half gallon. According to the old story, Nebuchadnezzar went out and ate grass . . . If he was continuing at much of the party grape as his neighbors, we don't say that we blame him. Still, you never know. Might be our grape because we can't afford it.

What Begins the Custom of Striking a Ship's Bell?

Striking a ship's bell originated back in the days of the bell-hour clock. It was the duty of the ship's boy to turn the glass at the end of every half-hour. To show that he was doing his duty he would give the bell on the quarter-deck a lusty swing every time he turned the glass. Later, ship's quartermasters found that an excellent way of calling the next watch. To make it simpler, they began having the bells tolled in increasing numbers as the watch progressed. One bell meant the first half-hour of a watch; at the beginning of the second half-hour of the same watch, there would be another bell.

Is a Cooked Egg or a Raw Egg More Nourishing?

Now, don't panic . . . and health-food addicts will please stand well back. To break the blow gently, we'll say that the matter is more or less undecided. The idea that a raw egg is more nourishing or digestible than a cooked egg probably arose from the observation that an uncooked egg would (think) more raw egg than it can cooked. However, a small portion of the raw egg white passes through the alimentary canal undigested, which means that a cooked egg is apparently more digestible than a raw egg, for cooking converts the indigestible part into digestible.

there's **Something** in **Sweaters**



There's something in sweaters that's just what you need. The New York's both and . . .



Why, she's got it on, at last . . . and haven't you got her clogged in that
 daisy-clinging clutch . . . you lucky sweater. It gives us that clinging
 sort of feeling . . . the feeling we wish Maria was clinging to us, that is.
 If she wants to be the my, boy, we'll be her ook . . . And, wardrobe, don't
 you dare tell that one.



And there you have it . . . Didn't we tell you that there was something in
 a sweater . . . if there are any mercenary-minded matrons in the audience,
 we'll bring right off for a few courses in knitting . . . as for the rest of you
 . . . you hom-boned flunkies . . . there's always a course in sewing . . .
 It should be handy in view of what Maria chooses for under. It's probably half
 the reason why her sweaters bring you out in a pleasant sweat of excitement.

the baron leered at locksmiths

The Baron's unending enunciation with complacent smugness and kind smiles gave him grave delusions of grandeur.

WALKER HENRY



BARON VON TRENC was undeniably born to prove that, when love laughs at locksmiths, it may do so out of the right or wrong side of its mouth. Twenty good years of the Baron's love-life were spent in German jails. And all because of Princess Amelia.

Princess Amelia was the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia. And Frederick harbored strong views on what twigs should be grafted to his family tree. The Baron was a sprout of whom the King could not approve.

On the other hand, Princess Amelia

showed herself complacent to the Baron's ramblings. A slightly naughty (though unobtrusive) affair developed . . . and Frederick might have remained blind, if gods had not made the Baron develop the habit of dropping hints of his antipathetic connections.

The show-down came when the Baron, and a Lieutenant of the Foot Guards were tapping in a tavern. Genuflecting from his potens, the Lieutenant let fall a not-over-convincing story about the Baron and his Lady. The enraged Baron promptly pulled the Lieutenant's nose.

The signal was that Baron and Lieutenant met with rewards; the Baron being especially run through the arm. Within an hour, courtly squire-browns were trampling each other to death in blood in Frederick's.

Frederick waited until the next Sunday when the Baron tottered onto parade ground at last, the King ruminated. "The thunders begin to roll and the bolt must soon fall. Barons!"

It may be that the Baron was not an adept at juggling riddles. At all events, he ignored the Royal warning. He continued with his dissertation . . . until three days later when he again arrived late on parade. Frederick promptly had him popped into Potsdam Prison.

There he languished until Frederick decided to invade Austria. The Baron was ordered to repair his regiment. He had scarcely called to the ranks when he was re-arrested for "corresponding with the enemy."

Probably he had been, but so had half the rest of the Prussian Army. But the Baron was popped into another prison at Olmütz.

Now, he resumed an unpermeated correspondence with his Amelia; the love-lorn Princess responded with letters, which the Baron used with increasing ingenuity to bribe his jailers. His jailers' response was to lock him into an even more antipathetic dungeon.

The Baron was undaunted. By some magic miracle, he acquired a petted parrot and a flea; he sewed the bars of a window 60 feet from the ground, cut his leather perforations in strips; and scrambled to earth. He might have made a perfect landing . . . if he had not plunged waist-deep into the mud of the moat. His jailers quickly rounded him and returned him to his dungeon.

The episode seems to have been

too much for Amelia. It hurt her dignity. The Baron received the cottage letter which always ends "We must not see one another again."

The release merely threw the Baron into fresh persecution. He did actually break prison. From there on, his travels might have suggested the Wandering Jew. He traveled here, there and all points west until he reached Danzig. The inebriated Danzigers popped him into yet one more Prussian prison.

His cell here was apparently an early type of safe-deposit. Unappalled, the Baron for a third time escaped through Grand Guille. He was locked in the most respectably notorious of holes-in-the-wall.

Now, however, his distraught parents were finding so many flaws that they begged the Baron to reveal how he had secured his workshop.

"Oh, locksmiths know them," the Baron replied. "We also play cards every night," he added candidly. The warden warily sensibly checked him by the neck to the wall.

The Baron was still put in Magdeburg when Frederick the Great conveniently died. Anticipating to find the Baron alive, the authorities released him.

He set out last-foot for Amelia. She clunged his handship-worned arm and needed with a yelp of disgust.

The Baron left her where she fell. He took the road again, to cross tunnels at Perna, to make rebellion in Hungary, to be popped into his last prison; and then to be shifted to a mad-house.

In his later moments, it seems that he also contrived to marry. At least, when he died on July 28, 1791, he was enjoying comparative freedom and the fatherhood of eight children.

Crime Capsules



RADAR MAN.—Julius Caine, 48-year-old French "ruler man" locates murderers, missing bodies and stolen jewels with a divining rod, a pendulum and a map. He first attracted the notice of the government when he helped them find the body of a watchman at a coffee-factory after police had searched in vain for two months. Baptiste M. Caine: "Every person emits a special wave as individual as his fingerprints; this ray is absorbed by all objects he comes in contact with. In the coffee case I had only a stacking of the watchmen. I turned myself to his identity rays and the rest was easy. First I turned my divining rod in all directions, when it jerked with the rays. I used a compass to get the direction from which they were coming. I drew a line across a map of France and tracing a pendulum over it told I felt the rays again. I marked the spot on the map. Using smaller and smaller maps, I pinpointed within eight miles of the corpse. Then I went to the scene and simply used my divining rod. So easy, really!"

FISHY BUSINESS.—Probably anyone had not so common theft has creaked its all-time low in a case just reported. However, the thief is at varying still unknown . . . possibly because Tokyo police lack feet

and gills. But, whoever the thief was, his taste was lack; it explained itself to numerous pearls. And he sank so deep as a man can go to indulge it. As a matter of fact, he went right down to the bottom of the ocean south-east of Japan. There, letterly scaphopods Japanese pearl tycoon Kokushii Mikawata, the Nipponese Raii Sikes made off with twelve tons of Mikawata's fine pearl-producing oysters. So what? Tokyo police are inquiring just as bitterly. Who can read fingerprints below the face of the sea? Who can hear the plaintive wail of a kidnapped oyster? So sorry! So sorry! Hilarious impossibility.

STRANGE JUSTICE. — Dapper "Dolly" Weisberg, smartest of Chicago gangsters in the early 1930s, bragged that the law would never touch him. And, for a while, it looked as if he was right. "Dolly" had not wavered with friendly-consideration when at last he made the mistake of showing an automobile dealer in the back. Much to his damaged surprise, he was sentenced to die in the electric chair. Indeed, the courts were leading him on his last walk when his bowels came loose. At the sight of the chair, "Dolly's" heart failed him. The most ruthless gangster in Chicago dropped dead . . . from fright.





PRISONERS

FIRST we got lost.

Lorne Howkins, who lived in the mountains and said he knew the back like the palm of his hand, was guiding us, but the clouds came down low and blotted out everything.

So, when it started raining, and the clouds lay right on the ground, and we could hardly see each other, there wasn't any one trying to go on.

We found a cave that was fairly dry. We dragged a lot of wood into

it, and started a fire and squatted around it.

"That won't do for three days."

"They'll send out a search party," Lorne said. "They ought find us, but this rain will wash out our tracks."

The rain pelted down. It didn't ease off at all. That cave, with its hot fire, was all we could see.

There were three of us. We had met by accident, and didn't know anything about each other.

Ray Kalner was a halfway guest



OF THE CLOUDS

at the Royal Grand where I was staying. We met Lorne Howkins in the lounge-bar there. He had a shaggy blonde with him, and said he knew the mountains. We had only planned a short hike. We were going to be back by dinner-time.

But, trapped in that cave, we started to get agitated. The first night we just told yarns to pass the time. We didn't try to sleep.

By morning, we were soaked-out; our nerves were jumpy.

Ray Kalner stretched out on the

matted in the corner they

would be wiser to learn
what one of them intended

LESTER WAY

• FICTION

FLAT NOTES FROM A PLATTE

"Her feet beneath her
petticoat
Like India rose staid on and
on
As if they feared the light!"
So carried Bucking's prose
But had he lived in King's
Court days,
He might have used another
phrase
"Her ankles, still upon her
soles,
Were lightly tucked in the
bed-clothes
For fear the mice would
bite."

—RAY-PAY

own room. He used his pack for a pillow, and took off his clothes. But Hawkins began looking at him intently.

After a while Larne said, "Looks different, seeing like that, with his glasses off, doesn't he?"

"I guess we all do," I said.

"Yeah, but we haven't all got down like that. I've seen it somewhere."

We having observed, Kalmor's face looked dirty, of course. His features were very thin, and his nose was rather long.

"You say he's a bank clerk?" Larne asked.

"That's what he told me. I only met him at the hotel."

"But that face! Wish I could place at something to do with some scene—big robbery, or murder, or—"
He broke off and stared at Ray some more.

"Wouldn't be surprised if he's trying to shake the cops," Larne said. "Made up this walking-trip to get out of the way."

He was silent for a few minutes, then he stretched out and went off to sleep himself.

I wanted to, but there wasn't a place left that was dry. I sat on a log and half dozed.

Pretty soon I found myself sending glances at Ray. Every time I did, it seemed as if I had seen him there somewhere else.

Later in the day I got a dry place to lie down. I couldn't have slept well, I must have been dreaming a lot, because I woke up with the feeling that I was being watched. Larne wasn't in the cave. Ray was standing near the fire, and he was staring at me. He had his glasses on now.

Something in the way he was looking at me brought what Larne had said back to my mind with a rush. "What's the idea, staring at me like that?" I asked.

"Staring?" he said. "Staring at you? I wasn't—"

He began to look frightened. "What's the matter with you?" he yelled, as if I was a mad man.

Then Larne came back to the cave dragging a couple of him for the fire. He looked from me to Ray.

"Take it easy, both of you," he continued. "It's just your nerves."

Kalmor turned away. I told myself I'd have to be careful. Ray was a criminal.

Back to my mind, I knew it was lay-wine. But your mind doesn't work rationally when your nerves are in trouble.

I didn't say anything more to Ray, and he didn't say anything more to me, but we watched each other. That night, Larne lay down and slept, while Ray and I stared sitting up. But each time we dared, we'd jerk ourselves awake and send startled glances at each other. Then, when Larne woke up, but not before, Ray

let himself fall down beside the fire. I whispered to Larne. "He seems to have me, still. The way he was looking at my when —"

"Yeah, you were talking in your sleep—saying something about a murder, and a man with glasses. He thinks you've recognized him."

I lay down. "Don't leave the cave all I wake up," I said. "We talking what had so if he got a chance."

That's how it was for two more days.

Our eyes got red, and our faces got drawn. As Kalmor's head gave, and his nerves got more shaken, I watched him more and more closely. And he watched me.

The rain stopped on the third day. Larne looked out over the mist.

"Can you find the track?" I asked.

"Yeah, but there'll be a watch-party out looking for us. You stay here, and I'll see if I can pick them up."

I started to protest. I was afraid my nerves would crack. But Larne went out of the cave faster than I thought it was possible.

"He'll come back with the search-party," Ray said.

There was a thump in his voice. He was standing at the entrance of the cave, with his back to it, watching me.

I told myself—this is it!

I started moving about the cave, getting a little closer.

I got within eight or nine feet of him.

"Don't come any nearer!" he jerked out. His voice sounded as if he was almost crying. "I know what you want to do. I know—"

Suddenly he leapt away from the cave-mouth. He ran blindly — in one night for a fifty-foot drop down a cliff. I saw it and stopped.

And he saw it at once. He wheeled to the right, and ran like a deer

man. This time he came up against a wall of rock.

There was no escape. I sprung at him. He shot his arms and flopped down with his face.

"Take it easy, Ray," I said. "You can't get away!"

He let his hands drop and, somehow one hand fell on a rock about the size of a cricket ball. He held it in one, wringing that rock.

I tried to shield myself, but the rock got me.

When I started to know things again, Ray Kalmor was sitting in me, with the rock held over my head. And I could hear the voices of the approaching search party.

"There's down!" Ray yelled. "You won't get away now!"

"I've got you!" he roared. "Larne Hawkins recognized you when you were asleep! He'd seen your picture—wanted for murder or something. And I could tell it was true by the way you acted!"

"Hawkins told you that?" I gasped. "Damn it all, he said the same thing about you—and you acted like it!"

The search party was clanking up to the cave.

"Hawkins!" I said. "The bloody dingo—played us against each other like that! Want to let me hold on!"

There were three police, all with guns. They looked from me to Ray, then into the cave.

"Where's Larne Hawkins?"

"Didn't you meet him?" He went to find you. Went as soon as the search found."

The policemen sighed. "All right, you can let your hands down. It's Hawkins we want—murdered a girl a few weeks ago—just identified him, when he showed out with you two folk."

Ray Kalmor began to laugh.

"How about you, too?" I asked. "We both need it!"

BLOOD is THICKER



FOR TWO OF THE ONE CLAN, BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER . . . AS HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WITHOUT THE PROMPTINGS OF ANY VAMPIRE BITE

MATT WILSON • FICTION

HE would have felt the back of his head for blood—because he had to be careful—except that this girl happened to help him put it out of his mind.

"It—I'm all right—thanks," he muttered grudgingly.

"Oh! I'm so glad. I was following you and—well, your foot just drew right out from under you. I was afraid—"

"I'm okay," Eric told her. He was still dazed, but not so much that he didn't notice the bright glower in her eyes and feel a drop of her fur coat across his hand on the sidewalk.

Not a girl, he decided, to be out so late in this neighborhood. Not walking, anyway.

I was following you, she had said. Eric reacted to her foot, a bit more, then picked up the bill hat which had kept him from being hurt by

stead of only stunned. He knocked off the dirt against his knee.

Girls like follow men "on purpose" around here. That was girls like that, he observed, turned up the collar of his topcoat.

Usually he would have been content on a bad sidewalk. It must have been the three drinks with the old dealer in the wine shop back there (O'Brien—Mystic—Oscar!) that threw him.

"I know," she said. "I know how it sounds, but it's all right. You see, a few minutes ago, in that wine shop, I saw you buy a—er, trinket that I've wanted so badly myself, but was afraid to buy. I followed to ask if you'd let me look at it."

The almost panic-stricken intensity of her voice startled him into staring at her. There was no street-lamp here, but even by moonlight he could tell she had a kind of beauty. A pas-

There's a fortune waiting for the man who can force hair to grow straight . . . in darkest Africa. While straight-haired white women spend endless pounds on permanent waving, African women desire their natural curls (which explains why white wash-dresses have come into this fashion as "anti-wash" bonnets). The uncurled African girls wear their hair cut short, but to marriage they let it grow, plaited it with red mud on the crown of the head, so that it looks like an inverted flower-pot. The larger a woman has hair a wife, the taller the road-pole she wears on top of her skull.

thing kind of . . . was it beauty?"

"Well," she said, "if you weren't married of me any longer."

There was a pause, almost heavy silence about her. Yet he was taken by an odd notion that she was hoping he might refuse her.

Absurd, he told himself, that beat on the head must have left some limitations made. "Of course!" he agreed hurriedly. "Why didn't you mention it then?" "I don't blame you; it is a beautiful ring. Jade is common enough, but this is rare."

"Not that ring. The other?"

"Oh," she frowned. "The other" hadn't even occurred to him. "Of course," he muttered her again, his looking around doubtfully. "But this isn't much of a place to see anything."

Where they stood was a sort of driveway between-walls late at night.

"I live quite near . . . if you don't think it's too improper?"

That didn't seem quite a word to use now, Eric thought. The whole thing was becoming to be out of a dream; what she had said before came back to him now it wasn't that she couldn't afford to buy it—she

must have been afraid to buy it.

"Let's go," Eric said. She must have got cold standing there, for he felt her shivering as she held his arm, walking close beside him with quick, eager glances of her looks on concrete.

She did live quite near, indeed, they passed no light, no other person. There were two steps only, the front door being almost at street level. She passed a button, and a bell sounded from deep within.

But then without waiting for an answer she said, "Come," and they entered through the unlocked door.

No sound of life greeted them. In the dim light overhead in the entrance hallway, Eric could see a large room through a doorway to the right. Glass chandeliers of a bygone day; two marble-framed fireplace; carpet rolled to the wall; furniture embossed in white covers.

"Upstairs," she whispered, and that seemed natural to him; a voice alone would have been out of place here.

The stairs were broad, and they took the faded worn plush, still seen in error.

"There." Her voice was soft but no longer whispering.

When she pushed open the door,

he drew a breath of relief. The room was not better; the furniture was modern bleached wood and pearl upholstery.

"Let me have your coat," she said. She laid it across the back of the sofa. "Try out by the fire, and I'll make you a drink."

With his back to the fireplace, Eric watched her at the small built-in bar in the corner of the room, and his thought of her tense eagerness on the street and of her hesitated moved here. As though he had come into a trap, and she was not afraid he would leave. His glance fell on an object, and he thought of "the other," in his pocket there, and wondered what it was she wanted.

Yet it was the only other purchase he'd made. It was a cheap trinket—held just only a few shillings for it—but still, was a small figure of a hat, which he had picked up on impulse, attracted in the richness of the moon-like eyes and teeth, the covering of real hair—skin.

She looked him a glass. She was still wearing her coat.

Held in the fireplace, with the two corners darting through it, the white became a rich, molten liquid. Like—like a goblet of hot blood. He shuddered. Suddenly a hot heavy as gold, and he was hardly even before he tasted it. They drank the thick liquid.

She set her glass on the mantelpiece. "My name is Sangra," she said calmly.

"Mine's Eric." The last names didn't seem to matter, maybe the first ones didn't.

Sangra slipped out of her coat, leaving it on the carpet. A dark evening gown showed her body up to the throat, and that was more provocative than if the neckline had slipped between her breasts.

"Let me see it," she said strongly. And he saw that the heavily embroidered, the peering of shreds, the pale—pale—all were a prelude to the desperate sharpness of the garment.

"In my special pocket." He moved to the sofa. Turning, still holding the thing in his hand, he asked, "Why aren't you afraid now? You and you were afraid to buy it?" "Oh! Why, I'm with you," she said simply, as though it was quite obvious. "The only street when I'm alone."

She took the little hat from him and held it for a few seconds in both hands without looking, as though making a prayer.

Eric was unconsciously excited, but suddenly he realized too, that he was afraid of her.

"What the devil is the thing, anyway? What's so wonderful about it?"

She didn't answer. Then she looked down.

With her two hands, she spread the wings of the little hat apart. She didn't know it would move) and, holding it by the wing-up chord, she looked at the body, differing eyes and the two hard teeth.

The sight of the pretty, extended wings sent a shiver of revulsion through him. "How could you be afraid of a thing like that? How could it hurt you?"

"There are some people," she said on a sigh, "who are so threatened by blood that they wouldn't be able to—up sleep, and would bleed to death. But I'm not afraid, with you." She looked down at the thing in her hands. "Now I remember, a bracelet! Look!"

She tilted the obscenely flexible wings of the hat around her right wrist, with the ugly little hand toward the palm. The wing-up chord looked together "Pretty." She

stirred a short nervous laugh. "Now, son."

With the palm of her left hand, she crushed the hat's band against her wrist in a convulsing grip. And then she looked up at him and smiled. "Ah, . . ." A sharp breath as though in sudden relief of pent-up agony. Her mouth close to his, she murmured, as though trying to explain and apologize too, "You see, you thought it was a toy, but it had life."

Her hands went behind his head, and he kissed her.

Then he was aware of a witness moving along his aisle.

It shouldn't have shocked him now, and it didn't. Blood was crawling down her arm from the pressure of the little hat's teeth, a bold woman, warm whose fur hooded and dropped down the middle of her upper arm onto her breast, and vanished into the gown.

A little splash of pain passed his own wrist.

"We belong to each other now," she said, her breath hot against his throat.

Then, while he held her, the pain was gone suddenly, and she was pressing his wrist to her lips, and he found himself (as though as some remembered actually holding her own wrist to her mouth, tasting her blood.

It came to him that he was bleeding and would never stop.

He threw George from him, and she lay on the floor beside the fire and made no movement. He ran out of the room and down the stairway and into the dark street. Remembering for his life, he came to the spot where she had found him, and he faltered, as though trying to avoid the spot.

Now's first flew backward; he thrust his hands forward to catch himself.

Now guessed that he was in a hospital.

Also, he guessed that he had been bleeding for he found his own wrist when he awoke. The man standing beside his bed chuckled. "You seemed healthy enough, anyway, for a person who nearly bled to death from a scratch."

"Guess I was dreaming," Eric said. His voice was clear and strong. "You certainly were," the doctor agreed. "But maybe it wasn't a hit, after all, and maybe there wasn't any girl. Let's just say you cut your wrist when you fell, and that you were lucky somebody found you and called an ambulance in time."

"If I were a hemorrhoid, I'd be more useful. A few years ago, you'd have been a guest. Now, thanks to a really blood bank, and a fireproof program to clot your blood at the wound—well, here you are." The doctor patted his shoulder.

and added, "But I'm not surprised you have nightmares about it, if you've spent your life knowing that even a small cut might kill you."

He was released that evening. As he walked out of the hospital, he jockeyed his private respiratory system, trying to make some left-over noise. For one thing, he had no hair-cut, though, he admitted, he could have left that anywhere. And then, again, he was wearing the pale ring. The nurse who took much, at least, had been real.

The girl, the little hat, the old house?

The cabbie let him out where Eric thought the curio shop should be. There it was, still open, with the little gold-bronze sign over the steps rising down to the basement: *Rare Objects—Mystic . . . Occult*.

The worried old man who owned the place looked just the same.

"You remember me, of course!"



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

LAST THOUGHTS AT A BACHELOR PARTY

She's gonna go get herself
married

as why is my face so red?
There's lotsa other dames
about

When all is done and said
Maybe, I'd love and bear it,
But the trouble is, you see,
The girl she's gonna marry,
it's me! —contruth... it's
me!

—JAY-PAY

No. No.
She began to weep. "Look, wait!
I'm here right before you!" He had
some drinks together. He held out
his right hand. "Didn't I buy the
ring here?"

"Oh, yes?" The old man smiled.
"My memory isn't as good as it was
Don't you like the ring?"

"It's okay, man. Let's see though
what she did I buy?"

The young dealer struggled. "I
have many customers. I buy and sell
many objects. I don't remember."

Ray started. He turned to go, then
looked back. "Was there a girl at
home at the same time? She had
black hair with a red flower in it,
she wore a fur coat?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I wouldn't remem-
ber that."

In the next block west, he found
what must have been the spot where
he had fallen. The sidewalk was
clean, but shadows still darkened the
sidewalk where, he supposed, his head
had dropped onto the curb.

He passed no light, no other per-
son. He inspected one house and

then another, on down the street
until here he came upon one and
stopped.

There were two steps only, the
front door being almost at street
level. He passed the basket, and a
bell sounded from deep within. But
then, without waiting for an answer,
he entered through the unlocked
door. No sound of life greeted him.

"Upstairs." His lips formed the
word, it would have seemed nat-
ural to say anything about here.

He climbed the worn and faded
plank, broad enough for two.

He pushed open the door of the
modern little room on the second
floor, with Raynes sitting in an arm-
chair, not reading or drinking, as
though she had been waiting. "Hello,"
she said. "Hello, darling."

Ray's heart swelled and lightened
as he throat. "Hello, Sonja," he
said. "Hello, darling."

"Why did you leave me?" she
asked.

"I came back," he said. "That
little error I had. I-I think I did
leave it here, didn't I?"

"It's here. Is that the only reason
you came back?" The mobile lips
that seemed still painted with his
blood brushed his chin. He kissed
her.

Raynes drew away from him,
reached into a little box on the
mantelpiece. "Here," she said. "You
came for that, didn't you?"

Ray glanced at the little hat tucked
now in her hand. He said, "But you
wanted it. It's your present from
me."

She looked up at him, the little
smile moving across the blood-red
lips. "Oh, darling," she said gently.
"No, it's yours. You want it."

"All right," Ray said simply.
"All right," and held out his hand,
looking into the eyes where Always
and Forever lay.



"Sweet! Can't you see we're through with you?"

The Sport of Kings (and others)



PLAYED OUT BY GIBSON

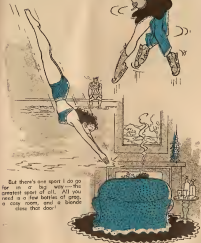
I know that if I had opportunities enough on the courts I would have been a first-class cricketer —

The reason I did not play cricket was because at heart I thought football would be more in my line — if I ever got around to playing the game.



Wrestling would have been right up my alley if I had not

played around with the idea of becoming a champion ice skater — which really never interested me because of my great interest in swimming at that time.



But there's one sport I do go for in a big way — the greatest sport of all. All you need is a few bottles of prog, a cozy room, and a blonde close that door!

STRANGER
and
Stranger



SPOOKS FOR SALE Believe it or not, British ghosts have been mobilized in an all-out drive to scare movie critics. The British Travel Association has recently listed all the haunted castles and houses in the British Isles and has forwarded the list to American visitors. Claret & Miss Hill of the British Tourist Office shamelessly "We can . . . and always will provide more and better ghosts than anywhere else." On the other hand (probably not to be confused), a new Italian magazine called "Astrax" (devoted to the propagation of superstitions) has enlisted members on its editorial board with pseudonyms and strict ghost-sense conventions and strict ghost Executive ghosts include Shakespeare, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dante (who wrote the poem's first edition).

CHOC-ON. Mrs. Herbert Heston, of Watrous, Neb. (U.S.), was called into within all hours by the new radio network to answer the same radio from across the country's stations. Among the changes of the duplication occurring in the radio is a billion (a billion is 1,000,000,000,000). And, to make everything complete, a seven-day report that four bridge players in St. Louis (St. Louis) were seen simultaneously duck the same thirteen cards during the same night on the second and eighth hands. The odds against this happening are alleged to be 35,000-

[illegible]

WILFRED WATERS, William H. Jones, a graduate at the University of Georgia (UGA), claimed as his direct descendant a tree. He became so convinced with a white oak that he had hit the tree a dead putting shell in full possession of itself and its land. Equally active was Jeremiah Wilborn, of Mississippi (MS). All his life he had been a white-oak, when he died, he bequeathed a land to pay for a new party (white white man) and (white white man) to be held once a year forever. Against this, the racistocratic Mrs. Annie Hawthorne left her two sons one dollar each "to purchase a rope with which to hang themselves."

JUNGLE-GOLF. They may be young, but members of the Northern Lake Highlands golf course seem to have reason to believe that there is the strongest course in the world. The course lies on the Kaya and Algonquin borders. When it opened in 1926, it consisted of only two holes. Some drawings for twenty-seven holes, the other for about eight miles. Holes of the club include (1) a leopard in some approaching the game may be postponed indefinitely; (2) a post into a post-hole; another may be dropped without penalty; (3) Cane and game may be awarded as usual towards and returned before playing the ball.



"He says I could learn to love him if we'd
exchange a little!"

arrows with an air



After the day's
a day and night off, many of the girls are off into the Far
rehab house anyway. Here Model Dwyer
is seen with her friends, and the girls are all in a
good mood.



And now, the
Dwight Dwyer find
in pursuit of her
anything that they
the way, they are
a

By the way, they had
to go to the night of
from her original
they were to shoot
a knows where.



What's that? A trifle of gly-
William Tell on the side. But
Dwight isn't showing any undue
anxiety. It may be his know-
ledge of Pagar's accuracy, or it
may be just the opposite. But who
cares anyway? Cured, let that shaft
loose. We'll run into it ourselves,
if necessary.

pointers to BETTER HEALTH

REDUCE . . .

When a person is overweight, he is asking his heart to pump more blood to supply the fat. At the same time, extra work is being put on the heart by the extra weight carried by the body. By cutting down on the amount of food he eats, the citizen will slow the heart rate, lower blood pressure, lessen the rate of breathing. . . all of which are the results of removing excess fat. If, in addition, regular exercise is taken, the heart muscles and all other muscles will be strengthened, for fat is useless tissue is being exchanged for muscle in useful tissue.

TRUNC MOUTH . . .

During World War I, a disease first became common was "Trunc Mouth" (Vance's suggest). Symptoms consisted of bleeding gums, a noticeable colour of the breath and a bad taste in the mouth. This malady is caused by two varieties of organisms which attack the mouth when it is not kept clean by rinsing after meals and by brushing the teeth. When the first symptoms appear, immediate home-treatment can be applied by using a fresh solution of hydrogen peroxide diluted with one-half water. Some doctors, however, think that some upset to the bodily system is to blame.

WEAKER SEX . . .

An investigation at Mayo Clinic (U.S.) has revealed that men are really weaker than women and less life-span shorter. The reason seems to be that men work harder and are more irregular in taking food and rest. Another factor is that a man's work takes him away from home each day. Most men must be very weak or ill before they will remain at home. Thus, some men are often on their feet for one, two or even three days after an illness has begun. This means that their vitality, their heart reserves which they need to fight an ailment, is being used up in their daily work, leaving them nothing with which to fight their sickness.

TIRE EXHAUSTION . . .

Physicians who treated influenza patients during the disastrous 1918-1919 epidemic (and other smaller epidemics) all remark on the great prostration (exhaustion) that occurs although most patients recover. This "tired feeling" sometimes remains for several weeks. The doctors said that all patients recovering from influenza should not go full-strength ahead for two or three weeks after recovery, until influenza often damages the heart muscle. So relax, brothers, if you wish to recuperate.

the secret of sun yat-sen

Perhaps only one of the millions
thousands of morticians could say
what was hidden in the red coffin

HUGH WELLINGTON



MANY spectators from foreign countries were present at the funeral of Dr. Sun Yat-sen—founder of the Chinese Republic—but perhaps only one knew he was not in his coffin when it was carried through the street of Peking to its resting place in the Forbidden City, in Pili. Yet it happened before their eyes.

The copaloid coffin was one of those queer freaks of day-dreams so plentiful in the Orient.

The funeral of the Father of the Chinese Republic made world news, there were Pressmen present from the greatest news agencies and news-

papers. I was there among them. I could have made a world record—if I had been able to make a record of a report which I had just received.

Dr. Sun, I had heard, was still lying on his death-bed while his funeral procession was winding its way to a temporary interment in the Imperial Palace.

I subsequently did confirm the report, and learned the reason why. But it was too late then. So I tell the story here.

Sun Yat-sen was a Christian, his principal followers were not. When he lay dying from cancer he told

his headmen to give him a Christian funeral. They promised . . . that they would faithfully keep their word. But the funeral procession would be definitely Chinese. And so it was.

A Christian Minister held a service over Sun's body while it lay on its death-bed. The body was still in the bed when the funeral procession later proceeded to the palace.

Workmen immediately behind the coffin was the Soviet Ambassador, Karakhan (subsequently executed by Stalin during the Great Purge). Karakhan had ordered a special crystal coffin, similar to that in which Lenin had been entombed, to be sent to Peking from Moscow as a personal gift from Sun Yat-sen.

The procession was probably the largest that has ever been seen in the imperial capital. There were thousands of men, many of whom paid their last respects when the coffin was placed on the marble floor in the Imperial City.

They stood at the foot of the coffin and—according to custom—knew three times to the Emperor when they believed he was visible. They were then accepted out of a side door.

I was one of the mourners. The next day a woman friend twice was on a visit asked me to accompany her to the Forbidden City. I did, and for the second time I made obeisance to the departed. On this occasion we were all invited to walk to the head of the coffin. We looked down through the glass window, and saw the war-like head of Sun Yat-sen.

Subsequently I learned that Sun's body had been taken from the mortuary at night and was then placed in the coffin.

Since Dr. Sun had a Christian

funeral and a Chinese procession. When the crystal coffin eventually arrived in Peking from Peking, Sun's body was placed in it and taken to the Western Hills, about 14 miles away. It remained there for three years—until the riot was astronomically prophesied—when it was conveyed to its final burial place at Shunde.

I was one of the last white men to speak to Dr. Sun Yat-sen while he was on his death-bed. It was while he was being carried out of the Imperial Palace hotel to the Chinese house in which he died. He was lying on a stretcher, but whether or not he knew that he was nearing the end I cannot say.

A few weeks previously he had told me and other Pressmen the purpose of the Chinese revolution. It was not, he said, to establish a republic but to overthrow the Manchurian dynasty and to restore the Chinese monarchy.

Dr. Sun's statement is partially substantiated by the fact that after the May Emperor had been imprisoned in the Imperial Palace, Sun's first mission took him to the Ming tombs where ancient Chinese monuments were buried. There he told them that the Manchurian rulers had been overthrown and that China was again a Chinese empire.

The collapse of Dr. Sun's address was as follows:

"The dragon throne in reality is of old and the tiger supports his domain and his ancient capital. We could not have obtained this victory had not Your Majesty's aid, as Heaven bestowed upon us protection influence. We have come here today to thank Your Majesty of the final victory."

I interviewed Dr. Sun Yat-sen soon after he was driven out of Old Canton by a civil war-lord. Sun

escaped to Hongkong as a British subject and sailed to Shanghai.

He said that China would probably still be a Manchu empire if his little sister's feet had not pinched her and made her cry when he was a boy. He had been told it was the Manchu dynasty which had ordered that females feet should wear shoes that were vastly too small for them; therefore he decided to abolish the Manchu rules.

All his thoughts from that time were concentrated in one direction, and, as a result, women in China need no longer wear shoes that are too small for them—though many of them still do.

Yet Dr. Sun had no direct connection with the actual revolution which installed the Republic. He was abroad at the time, the revolution was virtually complete when he returned to his homeland.

He had conspired since quite a youngster against the Manchus, who had long been under the autocratic rule of the wicked old Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi. After Sun had passed his doctorate examination in Hongkong, he visited England where he sought to enlist the services of his fellow-countrymen. Then his disappearance.

He had been kidnapped by the Chinese army in London and was imprisoned in the Legation. The Chinese Minister intended to ship Sun back to China, where he would pay the supreme penalty of "death from the guillotine rule"—a highly respectable execution.

On a lay-up of paper Sun scribbled a note addressed to an old English friend he had known in Hongkong—Dr. Carrillo. He threw the paper out of his window, and it was later picked up by a boy who took it to the doctor.

On reading the message, the alarm-

ed Carrillo took it to Lord Salisbury, then British Foreign Minister. He urged that the police enter the Legation and release the prisoner. Lord Salisbury, however, said that all foreign legations were sacrosanct.

Diplomacy, however, would no doubt overcome the difficulty. Salisbury invited the Chinese envoy to call on him, and informed him that the British Parliament would undoubtedly refuse to sanction a loan for China unless Sun Yat-sen was released.

The captive was promptly given his freedom.

He visited America and the Hawaiian Islands, and he was about to return to China to draw up the last plans for the overthrow of the Manchus when a bomb exploded in a Chinese restaurant at Washington on the Yangtze River.

The Chinese revolution had commenced.

Sun Yat-sen hastily returned to China. The Manchu dynasty was overthrown, and little girls no longer cried from cramped feet.

Although Sun Yat-sen was usually modestly elected Provisional Chief Executive of the newly-established Republic, his term of office was brief. He stepped down from his presidential seat and gave it to Marshal Yuan Shikai, who promptly plotted to make himself Emperor of China. He failed, and died of a broken heart.

There were other equally ambitious war-lords, who had aims similar to those of Yuan. That was why the era of civil wars commenced and has never finished.

One of the squabbling upstarts was Marshal Tso Kua, who lured Members of the Chinese Parliament with \$100,000 dollars a vote to elect him to the presidential chair. The Marshal attacked the office, but was overthrown after a bloody coup.

great danger which he was arrested and imprisoned in the Imperial Prison.

He was succeeded by Marshal Tso Chai-jun (pronounced Tsoen Shee Jooey), who was a close friend and ardent follower of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. When Chai-jun was elected Provisional Chief, Dr. Sun Yat-sen visited him in Peking and offered his military and financial support. Dr. Sun, however, was a sick man. He knew that his end was near.

He stayed at a famous French hotel in Peking. Although there was no reason for him to change his residence, Chinese superstitions had to be considered. It was contrary to tradition that an eminent Chinese official should breathe his last in a foreign domicile. Hence Sun was removed to the house of Dr. Wellington Koo, who later was Ambassador to the United States.

There he died . . . and his followers prepared two funerals.

FOOD FOR PLAY

By GRUYAL WILLIAMS



FOR A WHILE I HAVE A CRACKING COUGH, BUT I DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.



COUGH IS NOT SO BAD, BUT I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.



MY COUGH IS NOT SO BAD, BUT I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.



MY COUGH IS NOT SO BAD, BUT I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.



MY COUGH IS NOT SO BAD, BUT I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.



MY COUGH IS NOT SO BAD, BUT I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

DEATH BY PROXY

A fire-searched car, a mangled corpse and a long trail of redwood branches led police to a cold-blooded killer.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN



"WHAT time blew up there?" William Brady spoke loudly. He did not expect his cousin, Alfred Thomas Brown, to answer; he intended his voice to carry to a well-dressed, but haggard, man approaching them in the darkness of 2 a.m. on 8th November, 1933.

The cousin had just turned from the London Road into the lane leading to the village of Haddington, when they first saw the stranger—and the blaze. The stranger did not

answer at once; he moved past them nervously and kept on walking.

"It looks as if someone has a good handle along there," he thump back at them over his shoulder.

A few hours earlier the answer might have been enough. For 8th November was Guy Fawkes night, and the villages of Haddington, near Northampton, celebrated with traditional bonfires.

But bonfires should have been out long since. This blaze seemed to

burn longer every second. The stranger was suspicious; they watched the stranger walk towards the London Road. He took a few steps in the direction of Northampton, then he turned back and stood watching the village men. They ignored all along the lane; but even their awkwardness drew the stranger's glances off along the London Road.

When Brown and Brady reached the fire, the flames were leaping fifteen feet into the air. A motor car was ablaze.

"I think we'd better get your father," Brown said.

Brady's father was the Parish Constable. By the time the three returned from the village, the fire had died down.

On the front seat of the car was the charred body of a man.

The body was stretched along the seat with the left leg brushed under the trunk. The left foot was burned off at the ankle, and the right one was fused among the debris. There was no skin on the body, except a little on the abdomen.

Later, a wooden tablet was found not far from the car; it had marks of human hair adhering to its head.

Constable Brady telephoned for Inspector Lawrence of the Northampton State Police. The police wrapped the charred human remains in muslin and removed them to Northampton General Hospital.

By some queer chance the registration number of the car had not been obliterated. It was MU-458, registered in the name of Alfred Arthur House, of Saxton Road, Finsbury. When the police called on her on the afternoon of 11th November, Mrs House was unable to tell them the exact whereabouts of her husband. He had left his home on Guy Fawkes night to drive to Leicester to see his employers. Her

husband was a commercial traveller covering a wide territory, she added.

House's age at the time was thirty-six. The charred body might possibly have been that of House; but the signs strongly suggested a much older man, one of about forty-five.

More startling, a fragment of clothing had survived a fire that had incinerated a human body beyond recognition. It had been pinned tightly between the left leg and the abdomen. The fragment had been soaked in petrol and still retained the fibres. The police began a hunt for Alfred Arthur House.

On 11th November word came from distant Gillingham, in Hampshire, that a man answering House's description had boarded the Cardiff to London boat. At 4.20 p.m. two plainclothes policemen stopped the bus at Haggerston Bridge and advised the suspect to come with them to the police station. The man admitted that he was House.

House also said that he was the "honest stranger" in Haddington Lane. He had picked up a man on the Great North Road. The man said that he was going to the Midlands. He was about forty years of age, five feet eight tall, of medium build, clean shaven, with fresh complexion, and dark hair.

Now Haddington, House went on, he had lost his way. The engine was spluttering, and he felt sleepy. He got out of the car, loosened the cap of a petrol can with a mallet, and asked the man to fill the tank while he walked along the coast. The man agreed and asked him for another can. House gave him one; the man said he had mistaken House's car for the bus.

Glancing back, he had seen the car in flames. He ran back. Seeing the gas in the car, he tried to open the door. The fire drove him back. He

went to get help, but when he met the two young men he lost his nerve.

The police were suspicious. They delved into House's history.

Born in 1884, House—at the age of nine—went to live with an aunt. In 1911, he enlisted in the Army, and four months later he married a Miss Whitely. He went to France in March, 1915.

In May he was severely wounded in the head and the thigh and discharged medically unfit. During the two months he spent in France he seduced a girl who later gave birth to a child.

After trying outdoor jobs without success, House became a commercial traveller and, in 1920, was earning about £200 a year.

Police also found that, on discharge from the army, House launched into one of the most amazing careers of seduction in criminal history. His technique was to seduce young girls who were fired with an understandable ambition to marry above their station in life. They were very much for a man who was a plausible liar. House seduced at least eighty women and girls between 1919 and 1920.

Apart from the child in France, House was the father of a child born in Edinburgh on 21st October, 1921, to a fourteen-year-old girl. In November, 1924, he went through the form of marriage with this girl at St. Mary's Church, Mileton, and in July, 1925, another child was born.

On 22d May, 1926, a fourteen-year-old seventeen, gave birth to a child. House had promised to marry her, too. On 25th October, 1926, she had a second child at City of London Maternity Hospital. She was discharged earlier than expected, so—early in November—House had to find her a home in London.

Many other women, particularly in

the Midlands and the South of England, had fallen victim to House's blandishments. Indeed, in October, 1926, House found that his expenses were so high that he was losing each year. Out of £500 a year, he was paying 12/- a week for his car, 25/- a week for house purchase, 4/- a week housekeeping to his wife and 10/- for one illegitimate child.

The police were satisfied. House was charged with the murder of a man unknown.

On 25th January, 1927, he was convicted of murder. He appealed, but the appeal was dismissed on 22nd February. House was executed on 19th March, 1927.

On 15th March, the "Daily Sketch" published a confession. In it, House admitted that he had picked up a man outside the "Swan and Pyramid" in Whitehall Road. He was a man "you would never miss." House had seen him only once before, and he met him by appointment on Guy Fawkes night.

Now Hordingsmoor, House had strangled his passenger. He had then poured petrol over the man and the car and had a trail of petrol for a few yards. He had lit the trail and burned away. A passing lorry had given him a lift to London. Having purchased a hat in the city, he had caught a bus to Colindale. He gave no clue to the murdered man.

The best theories advanced to explain the crime is that House, being in a hopeless position, had intended to suicide, but had acted upon the chance of having a passenger to take a suicide.

He had a near-perfect set-up for a hide-out hut, under the stairs of the chamber meeting with the two young men in Hordingsmoor Lane, his nerve cracked. His own weakness had upset his careful plan for a death by arson.



"All right, now, Parker—just out your big tale."



A COMPACT three bedroom home

Although economic factors have caused the two-bedroom house to be accepted as the general standard, three-bedrooms are a desirable minimum for the majority of Australian families.

CAVALCADE suggests the month a compact arrangement for such a home.

In accord with the trend towards outdoor living, the rooms are grouped in an "L" shaped plan about a store-fronted terrace. From the entrance hall there is direct access to the living room, which is divided

from the dining room merely by a fireplace.

Large glass doors from the living room open out on to the terrace. The three bedrooms are located in a group in one wing of the "L" with the bathroom handy to all the bedrooms.

Each bedroom has its own built-in wardrobe and in addition there is a linen and coat cupboard in the main hall.

The overall area of this house is 1,675 square feet, and the minimum required frontage to accommodate it is 60 feet.

100' FRONTAGE 40' DEPTH 1,675 SQ. FT.

DESIGNED BY N. WATSON SMITH, A.R.A.S.A.



PARADE AT THE PILLORY

A jubilant effigy endured
with dead cats and roasted turkeys
in the interests of justice

JACK PARSON



THE unashamed Saxons . . . who were in the habit of calling a spade a spade or a number of adjectival shovels . . . referred bleakly (but appreciatively) to the machine as 'the neck-strutcher.' On the other hand, the Normans who conquered the Saxons preferred—with a truly Celtic tendency to disguise unpleasant matters under delicate titles—to describe it as "the pilary" . . . under which *poor* it continued to spread alarm and despair (as well as considerable innocent excitement) for those who were not personally attached to it 40 through 800 years of British history.

It was one of the country's main

popular punishments and pleasures and it even received the blessing of the local (though bloody) monarch King Edward the First who highly recommended that the device should be "strongly constructed so that it would convert while avoiding damage to the bodies of the offenders."

Joking from extant specimens, however, this may be taken as a vivid example of the King's wretched thinking. In its simplest form, the pillory consisted of wooden beams, supported by a post resting on a stool. In the center of the frame was carved a round hole (about the size of an average neck) and on either side of this were two other holes (about the

size of more-or-less average wrist).

The frame was divided into two halves, the line of separation passing through the centre of the three holes.

When some unhappy offender was committed to the pillory, the upper half of the frame was raised; his neck was inserted into the largest hole and his wrists into the two on each side. The upper frame was then clamped down and locked in position.

If the offender happened to be over-tall, he was forced to hump his back like a camel to avoid breaking his spine; if he was noticeably short, he was compelled to stand on tip-toes or stools. Sometimes might extend from hours into days . . . and the proceedings were inevitably enlivened by mobs of gawking idlers who arrived at the scene weighed down with a choice selection of rotten vegetables, over-ripe half-fruits, dead cats and dogs and so much sewage (splendid enough in those days) as could be collected from the gutters. This arrangement they dis-charged at the culprit in a hour-wasting barrage.

Almost every English hamlet . . . had a pillory, while more populous localities prided themselves in even more elaborate contrivances . . . built round affairs capable of holding a dozen people at once. Naturally, these structures attracted larger and still more enthralled crowds of onlookers.

Much as it may distress members of the theatrical profession and manufacturers of patent medicines, old dramatists claim that the pillory was first used to chastise "misanthropes and quacks, that, having gotten upon forms and benches to abuse the people, were visited in the same kind."

But its efficacy was so plainly obvious that the pillory was soon being applied for other offences.

For instance, it is recorded that, in

1287, Robert Russell, the Sheriff of London, "caused eleven barrels to be put to the pillory for making bread of light weight" (no doubt thus endearing himself to all succeeding housewives).

It may, indeed, have been the Sheriff's sudden popularity that caused the list of pillory offences to increase at an alarming speed.

One man (Oswald) in all records suffered punishment for pretending to be a sheriff's officer and arresting several apoplectic shopkeepers "for invasion of the city regulations."

Another—let us take the kindly view and assume that he was a misguided practical joker—stood on the stool for "having represented himself as an official of the Archbishop of Canterbury and summing the officious Priests of Chirkwell to appear before an ecclesiastical court of law."

Many others paid the penalty of their own bad judgment in "tossing a strange woman whom she was unworthy."

Then, around 1660, the first primitive newspapers began to poke up biting heads. A strict of intemperance lay hand from the keepers of the pillory.

With the unaided encouragement of Archbishop Laud, the infamous Star Chamber passed a decree prohibiting the printing of any book or pamphlet without a licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London and two universities.

A revolution stream of dissolute publishers immediately began to pour in the direction of the pillory. (Those who could still stand after their release were also whipped through the streets of London).

Notable among them was a Master Leighton who . . . on the strength of printing an almost unresolvable letter

It was late at night. From the dim recesses of a long street rang musical strains of revelry. A car came rattling its way along the road towards the city. As it went, whirling like a four-wheeled cyclone among the trees lining the sidewalk, its progress absorbed a policeman. "Hey! Watched you doing?" he called. "George's death off the roads, officer?" came the rattling reply.

and busily carried them away. Perhaps to land a batch of variety to the imminent procession of authors publishers, the authorities arrested a Master William Pryor on their trip and a sound of apined half-sister's must have arisen from the moonlight somewhere where long-dread-and-fine travelling players were sleeping their last sleep. Master Pryor, it seems, had been guilty of writing a broadsheet denouncing stage plays. Unfortunately for him, the Queen, Elizabeth Maria, was an ardent amateur actress. Master Pryor's philopie was regarded as a most unpropitiously star, and only as a lady, but also as a Royal lady. His case, too, were added to the rapidly accumulating collection of the police officers.

Still, the members of the gallery did not always have things their own way. In 1713, a reward of £50 was offered for the arrest of "a spare, brown-complexioned, lime-factor," who had been restless enough to print a most piece of libel, labelled "The Shortest Way With Dissenters." The "brown - complexioned lime-factor" anticipated nasty plays by surrounding himself to the audience. It was then discovered that he was none other than Daniel ("Robinson Crusoe") Defoe.

Apparently, the authorities had a poor opinion of "Robinson Crusoe." At all events, they had no hesitation in recording Defoe in the gallery.

An usual, an open crowd gathered, armed with a wide assortment of missiles. But...very unusually... the men on the occasion were not rotten vegetable life and the corpses of injured dogs, cats and rats; instead, the mob had come laden with flowers! With these, they pelted Defoe as long as he stood on the spot, the while he crooned to them his "Hymn To The Gallery," as

the chorus of which all present joined with him.

Tell him the news that placed him here.

Are you still in the times?

Are at a loss to find his path?

And can't connect his claims.

There was also a certain great honour at other pillagers. Perhaps the claims of them all were Mr. George Miller, "the man with thirty wives."

On the record, George must have been one of the fastest wagers of all time. He is alleged to have "sawed" thirty women in as many weeks, with special emphasis on lovely house-maids.

It was his enemy when to address a love-letter to some beguiled dame, as whose address he had assumed, declaring that he was a clear case of love at first sight. He had the world's record nearly equalled the desire of his heart in the street; but he had been immediately noticed. In conclusion, as her "blackest, blindest and ever-adoring servant," he would beg an interview.

Groups of quill pens were raised by warden's order to reply.

George would attend the interview looking more pale and worse hapless than any stage Romeo ever sustained to be met, with martial poise, would strike an agonized, "I-can't-live-without-you" attitude.

His time must have been unpropitious, for each wench absent swallowed the order in his hands to be hanged.

George would then gallantly allow her to sweep into his embrace and arrange for a "marriage ceremony," the London was filled with "piousness and unbroken persons," this deed was early avenged. For a short time, the plighted pair would coo in some low-moat selected by George. Then, one day—the honeymoon over for at least, so far as George

was concerned—the blessing birds would come to find the other side of the bed cold and empty—with no sign of George and just a little sign of whatever birds she had possessed.

With 30 women, George's career waited admirably. Unhappily, his thirty-first was a distinct disappointment. The George, anyway! She was a woman who took few chances of you except George) and her career was rewarded in a double-headed note. George had opened one hole and was struggling with the second when she caught him. Love and George flew out the window simultaneously—into the arms of a wife being spread of considerably.

A justifiably concerned Bench urgently ordered George to the nearest pillory. All his thirty "wives"—plus a numerous assemblage of their friends and relatives—attended the ceremony—much to George's dismay.

Women are notoriously not good themselves but here they didn't need to be. Armed with whatever they could find in the streets, they surrounded the steel bands George and plastered him at point-blank range.

A snapshot of the period illustrates the scene. Dated 1713, it is entitled "A Warning To The Fair Sex, or The Multitudinal Dissenters, being the History of the noted George Miller, who was married to upwards of thirty different women on purpose to slander them."

The illustration shows a crowd of enraged females sweeping mind and brains 1713 from the pillory, while George thus lies covered with garlands in ascending pillory for murder.

Still, all good things must come to an end. In 1713, the pillory closed its last victim. Seven years later, an Act of Parliament abolished its use forever.



THE THIEVING RING

SCRIPT BY
RAY ALLEN
DRAWN BY
PAUL GILBERT



• Coffee-Supper Conversation. An egotist is a man who insists on talking to you about himself when you're going to talk to him about yourself • Our Social Corner. You're drunk when you feel sophisticated and can't pronounce it • Domestic Jettison. No wife even how much her husband stinks away from home in the daytime • When children are quiet, it doesn't always mean that they're planning mischief, often they're only playing dumb about what they've done already • Our Film Critic says that adolescence is the age when you begin wishing that the cowboy in the Western would kiss the heroine instead of the horse • Traffic Signals. We know a man who claims that he'll always owe the dealer something on the second-hand car he bought; it'll be a grudge • Which reminds us that some men drive a car as if they were rehearsing for an accident • According to Our Tense Noon-and-Throat Specialist, the nose is the part of the human body that detects, sniffs, muzzles and snags • On the other hand, Our Family Doctor claims that thousands of germs live on one dirty hand-nose, so hand-washed citizens, we'd like to know how they manage it • And, while we're being medical, might we quote the aphorism on a certain ripe-rich tycoon who married twice: "He owed his success to his first wife and his second wife to his success" • What Every Man Should Know. The longest ten years of a woman's life are between 18 and 19 • A U.S. judge insists that the modern father see too little of his daughter; if he took a stroll down the beach, he'd be precisely all of her • State of the Nation. Even ghosts seem to be infected by present-day apathy, one we heard about goes round mouthing "I couldn't save him" • Our Film Miss has concluded that the most fashionable girls are those who marry because they're tired of working • Finally for Other-Workers: A really dumb blunder was the one who was only charged half-price by a road-reader • Fashion experts claim that modern clothes have a splendid finish . . . maybe, but their rising price is stunning.

OUR SHORT STORY: A couple celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary at a night-club were observed to be holding hands. Someone? "No, a bit of it," insists a friend, "if they leave go they'll kill each other"

IN THE OFFICE OF THE AGENT
FOR THE ABOVE COMPANY
THE MANAGER ASKED
THE CLERK TO INVESTIGATE
THE CLAIM OF A DIAMOND
MERCHANT . . .



PRETENDING TO SEARCH FOR
GEMS, CLARK OWERS THE
PLACE A SCARE. ONCE
OVER CHATTERS WITH A
LOVELY ATTENDANT . . .



CAN ASKED THE GIRL TO
GIVE HIM TO THE MANAGER
TO OFFER THE DELIVERY
OF A VERY BIG PARCEL OF
COGNAC.



WHILE HE CHECKS THE
BUSINESS IN DETAIL,
CAN HAS THE OPPORTUNITY
OF SIZING UP THE MANAGER.



I DON'T WANT TO MAKE
YOUR BOY FRIEND
JEALOUS, BUT YOU
APPEAL TO ME ...

CLARE JONES IS THE
NAME - AND THERE'S
NO BOY FRIEND.



NO BOY FRIEND? HOW
COULD THE KING? IT

BELONGED TO
MY MOTHER.



NOW I'LL GET TO MY
REAL BUSINESS. I'M
FROM THE INSURANCE
COMPANY, BUT EVERYBODY
MUST KNOW BUT YOU.



I'VE STUDIED THESE
POINTS OF THE THERM
AND IT LOOKS TO ME AS
THOUGH THERE IS SOME
CO-OPERATION.



DRINK FOLLOWS DRINK
AND SO ON HIS MIND
AT WORK. WHO DOESN'T
HOW A GIRL WHO
DOESN'T GO OUT WITH
MEN LEARNED TO HOLD
HER LIQUEUR SO WELL.



FINALLY CAN AND THE
GIRL SEPARATE THE
ASKS HER TO MEET
HIM AGAIN. THEN HE
TURNS TO THREE WOMEN.



HAVING TAKEN THE MAN-
AGER INTO HIS CONF-
ERENCE CAN THE
CUSTOMER SEEMS TO
BE LUSH TRAVELING.



THE MANAGER HAS TAKEN
ME OUT OF YOUR HANDS
AGAINST MY WILL, BUT
I'D LIKE TO BUY YOU A
DRINK.



CAN RETURN TO THE
JEWELLER'S OFFICE
AND, AT THE LEAST,
CHECKS THROUGH THE
DOCUMENTS OF THE
FIRM, AND IS SATISFIED
THEY ARE ALL IN ORDER.



SATISFIED WITH WHAT HE
LEARNED IN THE MANAGER'S
OFFICE, CAN DECIDES
THAT A WARDEN WILL HAVE
TO BE PLACED ON
CUSTOMER. HE LEAVES
THE SHOP.



FLASH CAN AFFORD A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, BUT...



...NOT WITH THE HELP OF A ROUGH ANTI-GRASP!



CAN RECOVER CAN - RECOVERED TO FIND TWO MEN LIFTING HIM - A STRANGE CREW PULLING HIM TO THE NEAR HEAVENLY



FLASH CAN SLAY MONSTER UNTIL...



TWISTING AND PICKING IN TWO HANDS - HE WOULD BE THE MAN WHO HAD THE BEST. FLASHING KNOWS OUT THE DRIVE -



GETTING THE OFFICIAL BOSS CAR - CAN FIGHT OUT OF HIS OPPONENTS INTO THE ROAD, AND STUNNING OUT AFTER HIM



QUICKLY UNDOING OUT THE CAR ON THE ROAD. CAN HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF THE CAR BODY BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS CONSCIOUS PURSUES



THE MAN ON THE FOOT-PATH, THERE THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW CAN AND TO THE STREET AND SHAPES LIKE THE CAR AT THE MAN'S FEET



DRIVING AWAY FROM THE CAR, LEAD THE ATTACKER TAKES THE BELT IN THE CAR, FEELING FROM THE SHADOWS...



CAN, IN A DESPERATE SPOT, FEELS TO THE AND CONTROL OF THE CAR, FEELING IT WILL BE A BIG LEAD



CAN DRIVES THE CAR TO THE ROAD, PLACING SOME SCARS OF RIVER WHICH HE PUTS INTO HIS OWN POCKET



KEEPING AS THE STEERED AS POSSIBLE, HE CLIMBS INTO THE CAR



WITH THE KNIFE STILL IN THE IGNITION LOCK, CARL HAD NO PROBLEM IN STARTING THE CAR AND SPEEDING IT OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE.



THE BULLETS THAT CHASED HIM ARE ONLY A DISTURBANCE!



CARL DROVE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND BLASSED ON THE MURDER.



POLICE CAME OUT BEING AND THERE HE STAYED AT CARL'S REQUEST. HE TOLD THE STORY OF THE ASSAULT. CARL TOOK THIS CASE.



NO LONGER FIRED, CARL MADE HEADQUARTERS IN RECORD TIME AND WAS PLED BY THE CAR OWNER.



"THERE'S ONE OF 'BLACK' CARL IN CHARGE AT HIS SIDE - A REAL CRIMINAL - MURDERER, CLARE STONE."



"OF COURSE, THE CAR WAS STOLEN," STONE SAID. CLARE PROTESTED THAT IT WAS HERE.



"I BELIEVE YOU... ANOTHER DEED TO GET TO KNOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELING."



THIS IS AN HONORABLE CASE - THE ONLY POLICE ACTION IS FOR ASSAULT ON ME - NO FEAR, BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THE RESULT YOU CATCH OUT OF THIS.



CARL'S SLEEP IS CUT SHORT BY THE TELEPHONE. CLARE SPEAKS - WE WANT THE OWNER OF THE CAR...



I SAID AT THE START THERE WAS AN ASSAULT CONTACT - THE THING BRING HERE CARL...



HELLO - HOW WE GO SOME PLACE ELSE. I LIKE TO VERY MY DRIVING HABITS.





DID YOU THINK I WERE TO
MARRY YOU FOR GOOD?



YES, AND YOU WERE
SO CERTAIN NOW



CLAIRE ADDRESSES CALL OF
THREATENING HER, NAMES
A SCENE, AND A WOMAN
FROM BEHIND



BUT BRACK AND THE POLICE
HAVE RECEIVED CALLS
JAMES P. AND COME FORWARD
CALL "SAVES" FOR FREEDOM



THE KING TOLD ME THE
ONE SHE HAD ON LAST
NIGHT WAS BEING
DIAMOND IN YOUR OFFICE
THIS MORNING SHE WORE
A DIFFERENT ONE NOW
IT'S ANOTHER ONE AGAIN



CLAIRE, ONE OF A GANG
PLUGGED STONES OUT
IN THE KING SHE WORE
THEM INTO A SPECIAL
SETTING CALL, NOTING
THE DIFFERENCE IN THE
STONES, GUESSED THE
TRUTH

*"I'm making a
career in the
steel industry—"*

"Always interested in what makes things tick, in my last year at school, I often wondered about the future. Then I heard of BHP's Steel Training Scheme.
"I was under 18 and had no intention, as I would the chance. I got to Tech school, Launceston, and my first week is scheduled when I get my Diploma.
"At the same time, I'm gaining practical experience on some of Australia's finest plant—and I'm being paid for it."

What about you?

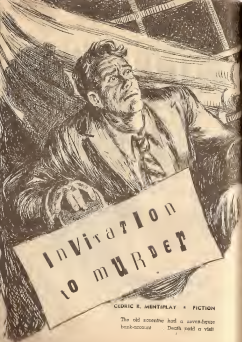
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CEDRIC B. WENTWORTH • FICTION

The old executive had a seven-figure bank-account. Death paid a visit



It was some time before I nearly plugged Steve on his door in from the guard-post.

TO begin with there were five suspects, including a waiter. That made it an orthodox pink-snapshooter-style murder mystery, except for one important fact—so far there had been no murder. There was also the point that one of the suspects was also the passive corpse, still very much alive and more than ever belligerent.

You've heard of Justin Forsyth? All right, I know he died—I was there at the time. But when the story starts he was only a domestic and scowling old fustian who was in full possession of his faculties, a tidy pensioner of his faculties, a tidy little bank balance running into six or seven figures, a large old house

in the Blue Mountains—and a carefully-looked-up position in death.

The revelation when presented to Headquarters looked like one variation of other questioning letters we have on our files—plain, cheap paper, words turned of letters out from newspapers and pasted into position. It stated simply: "This is to notify Justin Forsyth that a rendezvous with death has been arranged for him at 11 p.m. on Sunday, April 3, at whatever he happens to be situated at that time. No reply is necessary."

Harry Delaney and Steve Hells and I interviewed the old man in his plush Castleburgh Street office. It

OURWATER, a village in Holland, has a police station for weighing visitors. The scales date back to the sixteenth century, when the resident Ourwater burgomasters set out to counter the then current witch hysteria. The method was simple and can still be used: Anyone accused of witchcraft was to be tried at the Weigh Master's presence; that if or he is too heavy to ride a broomstick there is an immediate acquittal.

was unusual for three men to be assigned one job like this, but the Chief explained it rather crudely: "a little bit of leg-work, a little bit of overtime." Now come of happen, the Chief had!

Furby Furby was a bit different from what I expected. For one thing, he did not appear greedy, worried, or if he was, he was not letting it get him down. He was a large heavy man with close-cropped iron gray hair and the most fantastic John L. Levent-type eyebrows. He had come up the hard way in the steel industry, and looked as if he had plenty of fight left. But the kind of man to panic unnecessarily.

"Glad to know you fellows," he boomed when we introduced ourselves. "Also glad the Department takes me seriously—don't let the habit of pulling for help. I reported this because it seemed to be the thing to do. Men would look a damn fool if he got killed without taking elementary precautions, eh?" "Yes sir," said Harry. "I under-

stood the note was posted three Central yesterday morning. So far we have no clues. We thought you might have an idea."

The gray eyebrows bristled. "Certainly not! Is I had the slightest inkling, I would deal with matters myself! A man in my position has many enemies, officers—and I don't say a few of 'em would like to see my throat. But they haven't the guts, no?" Not even game to run me down 'accidentally' in the street, let alone let me know their collaring time?"

"And—where will you be on the night of April 17?"

The old man glared at us for a moment, then threw himself back in his padded leather chair. "Now you people have been warned, I see no reason to depart from my usual practice. I shall be at my country home."

"Look, sir," Steve intervened. "Do you think that would be wise? After all, alone in an isolated home—"

"Who said alone?" snapped Furby.

"There will be four people in the house besides myself—my two personal bodyguards, my secretary, and my butler-woman. The bodyguard are former policemen of proved integrity, well trained in the use of shot and gun. And, of course, there will be my gardener—and you're interested?" The tone implied we'd better be.

"There's one thing I don't understand," I said. "You must have received a lot of threatening letters at various times. Why is it you're so concerned over this one?"

He paused a moment before replying. "I've had three similar letters over the last five years, all put together in the same irritation form. Each one predicted a happening, and each happening occurred at the date and time stated. One was a minor explosion in the Newcastle plant. The

second was a steering-gear failure in my car, no serious damage; and the third was a burglary in this office. My secretary was knocked down and slightly injured — more frightened than anything else, I think. So this time I'm more receptive, see?"

We drove back to Headquarters in silence. Here was a crazy business, if ever there was—no clues, except a piece of paper which revealed nothing. Just an invitation to a murder party, and then one named by the prospective corpse himself.

Harry spoke again. "Well, where is hell do we start?"

"We line up the suspects and look 'em over," said Steve. "And we keep a friendly eye on old Furby—is that the right track for Sunday?"

"Suspects? What suspects?"

"Well, he gave us four—the secretary, the two bodyguards, and the butler. There is a fifth. We can't overlook the possibility that Furby is working this for some secret purpose of his own."

"The old man himself? But what on earth—?"

Steve grinned. "If you want some hard evidence, look up the old boy's personnel; you won't find all of it in the Mitchell Library. Before we, Ned Kelly got him for last. Jettie Furby's a matter of security now—but so was that other party, Harry Morgan, when he snuffed out."

In the next few days we ran a thorough check on all five of them. The bodyguards were okay. Tim McNulty I could have checked for speed, any day, and Dennis O'Hagan also had a fine record on the force.

Neither of them could tell us a thing. They had been added to Furby's payroll after the second note and, as far as they were concerned, the job was money for men. We gave them a clean bill and added them to our side.

The butler-voice was next, a bit hoarse fellow who had been in Furby's service about twenty years. He might have been a bodyguard himself until he got a hot job put it. In any case he was a good servant. We kept his mouth shut and his answers on the line. I had no idea he didn't like us. There had been times over the last twenty years when the police had shown, wrote a deal of interest as the doings of Jettie Furby.

The secretary, Glenna Oliver Maxwell, the oval smile was a rabbit. He was a pale little man with red, rimmed eyes and troubled hands, which he kept nervously twisting while we questioned him. I was prepared to write him off at once, for he had all the innocent victim's nervousness when faced with the police. His replies were stammered and he seemed particularly anxious to please. We brushed him off quickly after establishing one workable point—he had been working for Furby just on seven years.

Furby's own past produced a lot of leads but no pointers. We found a dozen men who might have thought they had just come to tell him, but not one who was a likely starter. Some were dead, others were aged and infirm. Two or three were almost as wealthy and vulnerable as he was. And, just to top the lot, there didn't seem to be any deal in the office which could be disrupted by a fake assassination attempt.

On the Sunday morning, as we drove through Windsor and Richmond and on up the Kingsway road towards Mount Toronto, we ran over the case and found nothing is completely certain about.

"It's a hoot," said Harry loudly. "There isn't gonna be no murder. Some raving just blowing off steam." Steve laughed. "Bodyguards

COMMON, you honest-dicks! Can shock turn you white-haired over night? Well, you're wrong. It ain't . . . except in novels and films. A prolonged shock might suddenly darken the pores that supply your hair and in that way destroy the coloring process. But don't rush recklessly to the nearest wig-makers. At least, you'll have to wait until your hair grows before the lack of colour shows.

we stooped over him to take his pulse, he jumped about a foot in the air. By the end of that drama night, we were all watching him covertly, and wishing he were somewhere else.

Barry rose abruptly. "I'll leave you, gentlemen," he growled, "Let it happen to them up. That's what I do out here, you know - work. Can't concentrate anywhere else. You'll find me in my study if something happens Saturday?"

"Quite, sir," said Steve. It was, too. The study was a big room right at the top of the house, on the third floor. The desk was in the middle of it, well away from any window.

"Mind if we join you later?" Barry laughed, and it was not his best effort. "Of course. View the body, eh? In the meantime, whisky's over there, cigars in the bureau. Good hunting!"

McGraw was on his feet, blinking and stammering. "You don't want me, Mr. Peabody?" I—ah—

"Wind up, eh?" There was lay contempt in the old man's voice.

"All right, go and hide, if you want to. It's not they're shooting at, not you!"

The secretary scuttled off without a backward glance. We hated his footsteps vibrating along the adjoining floor, and then a door slammed. Usually we settled down to wait, while a hundred contraptions with sense in the world outside seemed to rattle in a threatening chorus against us.

I have never known time to pass so slowly. At the end of two hours Barry and I were slumped in our seats with avery muscle aching. They were comfortable leather armchairs, but my nerves wouldn't let us relax. I suppose I checked my Repeating 38 a score of times—and once I nearly plunged Steve to be down on either making a sound of the guard-pipe. Somewhere in the house an old-time grandfather clock told off the hours and quarters with big mellow changes. I got to listening for the preliminary clack and whirr.

It was getting on other people's nerves. Just after 10:30 by that cursed clock McGraw came in again. His face was chalk-white and his eyes were wild. "I'm getting out of this!" he cried. "Can't stand it. Can't sleep! Ever since that burglary—and the car accident!"

"You were in the car?" Barry asked.

"I—I was driving. It was awful—in total control go—and down the ditch! I—I died in those few seconds, and then—not a scratch!" He shivered. "If you'll excuse me. I've got a car—on M.G. sports. I'll go down to the hotel—anywhere! Is—that all right?"

Barry looked at me and nodded. "Wish to hell I could go with you."

McGraw tilted crutches through the door. A few minutes later we

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CANVALLADE July 1951 41

HOW would you like to own a bicycle on which you could free-wheel 1,000 yards up a ten-story structure and taze into a miniature rodeo while you travel? This inventor's dream was recently on display on London. (We weren't there to see, but it's what they claim.) Fifteen per cent lighter than the ordinary machine, the streamlined model costs less than the latest-type sports model. Braking is done by a foot on the handle-bars.

heard the sound of a motor, and the crunch of tyres on gravel. Then Steve came in again.

"Wonder why he left at an hour?" he murmured. "He could have gone down to daylight! It's a tricky run, after dark, and he doesn't strike me as being the drowsy type."

"Let's take a look at his room," I suggested. "It's one place in the house we haven't seen."

"Good idea. You'd better go up and join the old boy, Harry. We'll be there before you know. Come on, Dick."

We found the room without difficulty. Most of it was strictly run-of-the-mill—a bachelor den with a bed, chest, reading-lamp, and a few scattered books. I noted the titles—Kant, Nietzsche, Pevsner, "Studies of Behavism," "The Springs of Action." Only a man like Maxwell would get a kick out of that stuff.

"Look here—a hobbyist?" exclaimed Steve.

On a side table were heavy slabs of some sort of plastic, a set of tools

like a surgeon's scalpel, some bits of plastic loupes, and a small electric furnace. They formed a sort of background for a fast-long black model of an airplane, expertly carved. Everything was in perfect order, down to the top-ropes and the little figure in the jewelled harness. Then I saw that the top-ropes led to an electric switch on the table, and had a thin piece of tin woven through it.

I threw the switch. Immediately the airplane began to move with a rolling gait. The head swung from side to side, and the trunk waved dilly with startling realism. Even the figure in the harness became animated. I cut the current off, and the toy passed at the limit of its range.

Steve looked at me sidly. "Not bad, eh? And the furnace is still hot. Can you imagine a man, as Maxwell's condition fitting in the last two hours with work as delicate as that?"

I shook my head. "And those psychology books—but hell, he's gone! We don't have to worry about him!" "Come on!" he said impatiently. "Only ten minutes to do. Let's get up to the study."

It was a big room, as I said, but when we got there it seemed a bit overcrowded. Meloney and O'Hagen and Martin were there, sitting stiffly with their backs to the wall and trying to conceal their worry. Harry was obviously glad to see us. Fester sat alone at his big desk, and he was steady as a rock. He greeted us as we entered, and quickly filled three glasses from a whisky decanter. One of them, his own, was a refill.

"Down the hatch, boys!" he boomed jovially. "It can't be poisoned—my bodyguard has been here for an hour, and they're all still alive!"

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dear cold Ruth



Who can delve into a woman's mind, certainly not Connor, who hadn't thought even twice about suicide.

HENRY RASKE • FICTION

DEAR RUTH:

I was never one for writing much, but anyway I thought you'd like to know that you'll have a line funeral. I was down to the mortuary yesterday. It was real swell the way they had you fixed out. Remember the dress, the pink one with the lacy trim that we got for you right after we were married? You never wore it much, you and you wanted to save it for special occasions. Well, now it had you fixed out in that. They

had your hair fixed different, too. I can remember how you liked your hair . . . smooth and polished.

You looked so pretty then, with the flowers and all, it made me feel real bad. I got all choked up. I want you to know that Ruth. I remember thinking, well, I'm glad it was this way. No pain or anything. Just sleep and easy, right is her sleep.

Oh, yes—Mrs. Davis from next door was there. She's the one who

found you next morning, after that night I left the house. She put some flowers on your coffin, and she was crying real hard. That made me feel pretty bad.

She was crying and saying how she always felt sorry for you. "The poor little thing seemed so unhappy, but to think she would take her own life that way . . ."

I wish you could have seen it, the way she wept. Honest, Ruth, I got a kick out of that.

She didn't talk to me. She never did like me much.

Not that that worried me much, Ruth. I had other things to think of . . . especially of you. As a matter of fact, I'd always thought a lot about you . . . about how we first met . . . the things we did together . . . the ways you had . . . everything was so much of them, Ruth . . . but about that wasn't so amusing . . . if you understand what I mean. But now I was thinking of you harder than ever. You looked so beautiful . . . lying there on the slab . . . so content, almost. Why, those nights almost have been a smile on your lips . . . It gave me plenty to keep my mind occupied . . . better than working out a cross-word, if you don't think it's too callous . . . and, believe me, I needed to keep my mind occupied . . . you probably realize that by now.

So, when Mrs. Davis didn't talk to me I felt somehow that I couldn't have cared less and I didn't talk to her.

Your sister was there. She didn't talk to me either. She's the one who made all the arrangements, because I just couldn't do it. By the way, I guess you want to know where they're taking you. Well, it's to Halsted Cemetery. Isn't that first? Remember how you mentioned once,

when we drove past, how quiet and peaceful it was up there?

Ruth, I won't be able to go to the funeral. I guess I better tell you about this. It makes me feel pretty bad.

It's because of this little guy with gray hair who was at the mortuary. He stood over at the side of the room and kept looking at me, and I don't know—there was something about him. When I started to leave, he came up to me. "It sure is a miracle," he said, "the way they can fix them up. She looks so natural."

I said, "Yes, but look at her hair, they've got her hair fixed different. Can't you tell that?"

"Sure," he said, "but that's all right. She looks almost happy. You're the husband?"

I said, "Yes, I was the husband." I said, "What do you mean, she looks almost happy? Please leave me alone. I feel pretty bad."

He said, "Yeah, I thought you were the husband. Where have you been, Mr. Connor? Why did you leave the house that night? I'd like to hear all about it."

I didn't like him, and I said, "Who are you?"

He showed me a badge, and he said, "I wish you'd come upstairs with me. A few questions we'd like to ask. Now, now, nothing to worry about. Just routine."

Well, Ruth, I've got to tell you about this. On the way upstairs Lieutenant Winter kept remarking what a marvel it was how these men. Connor could fix you up so that nothing's even showed.

"I remember a friend of mine," he said, "A hot-and-cold man. He went through a rail and turned over four times, and they say he was really squealed up. Later, when I went to look at him, you couldn't even tell it."

"Yellow Kid" Well, New York confidence men, has returned bookended from business. He attacked himself as an advance, opened that mail and stole a three-dollar cheque. Arrested, he admitted the guilty theft. "Oh, that!" said the policeman. "Think nothing of it. We thought you might know where those two lawyers are. They've absconded with the trust funds."

I said, "So what?" I said, "Why didn't you shut up, because I feel pretty bad."

He said I didn't look like I felt so bad. I said, well, I did. "They fixed her hair different," I told him. "I don't see why they did that. His nose wasn't in that way."

And right then, Ruth, he gave me a funny look. "A. All day through the temple," he said, "leaves a pretty ugly wound. That's what I've been telling you. They sure do fix them up."

Well, Ruth, I guess this will surprise you. That's the first I knew about it. What really happened. Here all the time I thought it was the other way. I had no idea you would take that all out of the drawer and use it. It was clever, all right. Still, it was just suicide, wasn't it? What could they see in me?

Well, when we got upstairs they took my fingerprints. Walter said it was just routine. Then they put me in a chair and this little guy Winter—let me tell you about him. I never liked him, right from the first.

Never trusted him. Especially the way he talks. Two others were there, but I didn't mind them. It was this Winter. He sat away alone, and his eyes kept boring in on me.

But I was too smart for them. I only told them part of it. I told them about when I came home that night, and you were writing up, and you were read, Ruth. I never saw you and very often. I guess you had decided on a showdown. For the first time in all these months you mentioned Elise. That kind of surprised me.

I said, "All right, so you know. I'm glad it's out in the open. What are we going to do about it, Ruth?"

You said, "Well" and gave a funny laugh. "Remember?" You said, "I still love you, Jim. Heaven help me, but I do. In spite of this. In spite of everything!"

That sounded silly to me. I'd been a fool, I told you. Probably always would be. Why should you stick to a guy like me?

I was trying to get it out, and finally I said it. "I don't love you any longer, Ruth. I want a divorce."

I'll never forget your eyes, the way you looked at me. Big and startled open like a sleepwalker. You just kept looking at me then your eyes got kind of huge. You said real low, "Jim, I won't give you a divorce. You'll never have Elise. I'll do the best I can you go to bed!"

I guess you hated me then. I didn't know what you intended to do. But that's what decided me. I can tell you now, Ruth. I'd been thinking about it for some time. Killing you, I mean.

So when you said you had a splitting headache, I offered to get you some aspirin. Remember? I came out of the bathroom with it, dissolved in a glass of water. I knew that was how you always took it.

HOW BAD CAN A GOOD GIRL BE...
WITHOUT LOSING HER SELF RESPECT?

THE SCREEN'S SEARING
EXPOSE OF THE DREAD
SEX-DRUG CIGARETTE
... MARIHUANA

"She
SHOULDA
SAID
'NO!'"

SHOCK STORY
OF GIRLS BETRAYED

AMAZING TRUTHS!
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LILA LEEDS
The Girl Who Knows

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SOON FOR OTHER CAPITAL CITIES

ANXIETY COMPLEX, EH?

A patient with anxiety complex is really suffering—and telling him not to worry is no help. The physician must spend an hour or more listening to the patient tell his story about his family, his home and social life. This means that the physician can advise a holiday, a change of scene for him, or perhaps a temporary far even permanent change of occupation.

Only it won't happen, Ruth? What do you think of that? It was those sleeping things, Markham. I used plenty of them, enough to make it look like suicide. You drank it right down, and you never even passed.

I went downstairs and I heard you call, "So now you're going back to Elsie?" Your voice sounded a bit frantic, but I didn't answer. Is that when you decided, Ruth? Or was it when you heard me leave the house? Anyway, you found the gun in my drawer and you must have used it pretty quick, before those pills began to work. Ruth, I just don't see how you could do a thing like that to me.

Well, as I was saying, I told Markham Winter all this. All except the part about the sleeping tablets. He has that desperate, prying type of mind, but he didn't get that out of me. It was still outside, wasn't it? You shot yourself. That suited me fine.

I thought that would do it. I

thought they'd let me go, but Winter kept after me. "Conner, you say you came back to the house this morning for some clothes. I'd like to hear about that."

I shrugged. "I intended moving out, that's all. Sure, I was surprised to see a cup stuck out there; it's the first I know anything had happened. It told me my wife was dead. I came right down to the mortuary with Sam."

"Those were my orders," Winter nodded. "We weren't quite sure of you yet, and I wanted to watch your reaction." He leaned forward. "When I mentioned the 45, you seemed surprised. Why? Didn't you know it was a gun that did it? How did you think it happened?"

I don't know! I never thought it'd do it. Especially with a gun. Besides, sleeping tablets—there's usually a woman's way, isn't it?"

"It is indeed, Conner. That's why I followed a hunch. There was only one set of prints on that gun. We took your wife's prints and compared them. They don't match. Conclusion? It wouldn't have been yours."

Well, Ruth, I just couldn't believe it. And when a man came in from the lab, and reported that the prints matched up with mine, I knew they had me. They had me for a murderer. I didn't really accept. Naturally my prints were all over the gun. But where were yours? You handled it last!

I guess you really hated me, Ruth.

Well, they know they had me, and they began throwing more questions anyway.

"You've admitted you quarreled! Is that why you killed her, because of this other woman?"

"I tell you it was mental. Sure, it was partly my fault she did it. I feel bad."

Well, they kept at me and kept at me, and it got pretty bad. But they didn't break me down. Finally Winter said, "Conner, you may as well confess. We've got the prints, but we've got another diagnosis, too. Nine out of ten times a suicide will leave a note. Especially women. We looked for a note, and we found one, all right. Only it wasn't a suicide note."

Then they showed me the note, Ruth that they found in your bedroom drawer.

It was clever, Ruth. I admit that. Doing it a month back. Saying you were afraid of me, that I had threatened your life several times, and if anything like this should happen . . . Ruth, how could you lie like that? How could you do that to me? But I remember the funny look in your eyes, and I guess you really meant it when you said I'd never have Elsie. . . .

Ruth, I've finally figured it all out. The part about the prints, I mean. It was very simple after all. I remember you were wearing that thin

nightgown thing. You must have handled the gun very carefully, using the lower part of the nightgown. I guess that's how you did it.

Anyway, it doesn't matter now. They've got me in here. Winter has all the evidence he needs, but I think he's still determined to get that confession.

Ruth, I guess I'm afraid of him.

I just thought I'd write it all down and let you know, about the sleeping pills and the rest of it. Winter must never know, but it's all right if I tell you, isn't it? Isn't it? You always understood about those things. I'll have to hurry now. I have my tea and bath. I've tested them, and they're strong enough. The window in here is pretty high. If I can just get the ball around the middle bar, I think I'll do fine.

I can't help thinking about Winter; he's so sure he's going to get that confession! I'll be a good joke on him, won't it? Well, so long, Ruth, I'll be seeing you. As ever,

JIM.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—CONNER

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Talking Points

COVER GIRL . . .

Don't wake this Sleeping Beauty, you fool! . . . She's sitting (or waiting) quite pretty where she is . . . But, if you must want an informal introduction, she's Elaine Marnes . . . and no more desperate, either. Lucky men who caught her unaware was cinema-artist Serge Le Saut.

CHINA:

This month CAVALCADE presents an almost-unknown incident of Chinese history ("The Secret of Sun Yat-sen," written by one of the real old China hands, Hugh Millington). Millington has held many Press posts in the Far East . . . particularly in Shanghai, Hong Kong and Japan. In his time, he has witnessed some Chinese Civil Wars. He had a unique opportunity of studying his subject, having been—for a period—editor of a newspaper published by the famous Eugene Chen, one of Dr. Sun's most powerful relatives and supporters.

CELEBRITY:

Every film fan knows "Celebrity Jane" since Jane Russell portrayed her on the screen . . . but it wasn't the real "Celebrity" whom they saw. Actually, Max Russell and Jane had only one thing in common . . . and even that was often not obvious. In his article, "Her Name Was Cele-

ity," Jack Fleming has debunked many of the legends that have characterized recent Jane and has presented her as what she was . . . in his own words, "a smiling, smooth, well-dressed, sweetish, tobacco-chewing daughter-of-a-man."

GLOVE-WOMEN

It isn't just the ability to look that has won many a fighter his place in the prize ring more often than not a little wisdom goes into the making of a boxer. In his "Crash-course of the Ring," Frank Browne gives a few vivid vignettes of the make of the more celebrated leather-patchers. Fictive boys will certainly find it interesting . . . especially after the ladies have ceased singing.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Which for CAVALCADE next month . . . it has everything. For adventures, a little-known episode of Australian bush-convoy, "The Casual Prisoner," for those who like their whodunnits factual, a vignette of one of history's least dramatic but most important, "Poland and the Poles," for real space-shatters, Jack Fleming and John Adam have really extended themselves, and also a special section for all barbers and prospective barbers. Fiction includes a new touch of the bizarre, "The Amber Insect."



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